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October

OCTOBER turned my maple's leaves to gold;
The most are gone now; here and there one lingers:
Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

The sweet, calm sunshine of October now
Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mold
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

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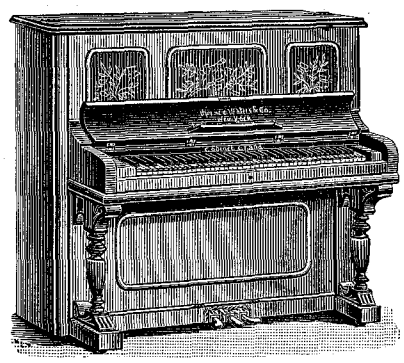

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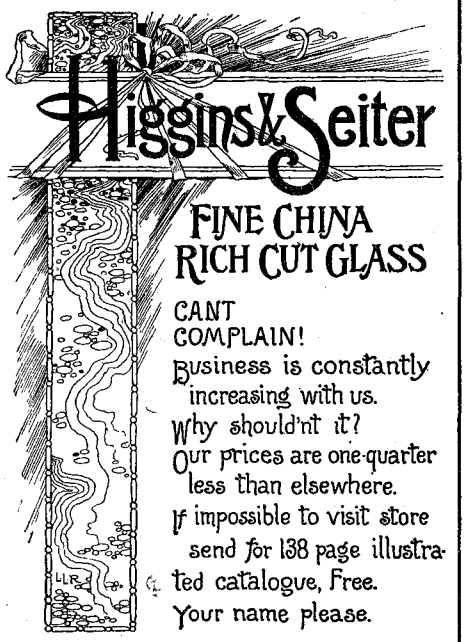

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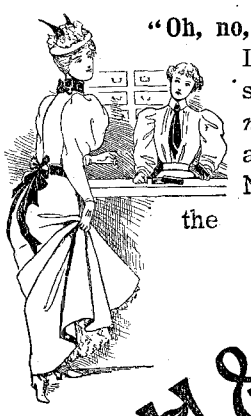

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Volume 50 For Week ending 6 October, 1894 Number 14

THE country at large will take a greater interest in the elections in New York State this fall than in those of any other State, except possibly Louisiana. In the latter State a Republican victory is possible, and that would mean the possible beginning of the end of the Solid South and of the race war. In New York State the issue is not as clearly defined as it might have been if the Republicans had a wiser leader. Ever since Mr. Conkling's death Mr. Platt has assumed the position of Republican chief; the secret of his power to do so we cannot understand. We believe that he has never led his party to success, except when a National interest in politics has caused New York State to forget local issues and local leaders. The policy of the Republican party this year was so clearly marked out by the course of events that even a blind man should have been able to see it. The Constitutional Convention, despite some blunders, had done a noble work for political and legal reform, and it had been done mainly by the Republican party. The nomination of Maynard, the outrage on municipal independence perpetrated at Mr. Sheehan's dictation in Buffalo, the murderous assault on the ballot-box and its defenders in Troy, and the revelations of the corruption and misrule in New York City under Tammany, had aroused a popular feeling of indignation against the Democratic machine which was ready to respond to a bugle-call, and would have swept the State from Sandy Hook to Lake Erie. The industrial interests are weary of tariff agitation and want a tariff rest. The Republican Convention should have turned the attention of the State away from National to State issues; should have heartily indorsed the reforms recommended by the Constitutional Convention; and should have nominated a man identified with the work of that Convention, and sure, if elected, to co-operate with reform mayors in the great cities in an aggressive war against corrupt men and corrupt methods everywhere—such a man as Joseph H. Choate, Elihu Root, or Charles T. Saxton. The Hon. Levi P. Morton is a man of stainless reputation and eminent character, who commands the confidence of conservative citizens, and if elected will give a cautious and conservative administration, but he will not arouse public enthusiasm in the campaign, nor give promise of an aggressive war on political corruption if elected. For such a war a younger man was indispensable.

❀

What the Republicans have not done has been done by the Democratic Convention: it has made the issue clear. It has turned out of the Convention all the representatives of the Reform Democracy, and has nominated Mr. Hill for Governor. Whether in doing this it has committed a political blunder remains to be seen. It is certain that Mr. Hill has elements of strength that are not to be despised. He is an aggressive politician, a man of unquestioned political courage, not to say audacity, an effective speaker, a skillful strategist, and probably both the ablest and the most unscrupulous political manager in American history since Aaron Burr. He will be supported enthusiastically by the liquor and gambling interests in every town and city and at every cross-roads. Behind him, and devotedly though selfishly loyal to his interests, is the most perfectly organized machine, commanded by the most experienced "bosses," in America, who will stop at no method which promises success. His election will mean the triumph in New York State of men who have stuffed the ballot-boxes in Gravesend, blackmailed the entire community in the metropolis, robbed the mails in Albany, and murdered the defender of the ballot in Troy. At the same time Mr. Hill's apparent fight against the Brice-Gorman combination in the Senate, his opposition to the income tax, and his general independence and pugnacity during the last year, have sufficed to erase from the minds of men of short memories—and most men have short memories—his past political career, and to secure for him political respect where before he was not respected. It is even to be anticipated that his secret opposition to tariff reform will win him some Republican votes. If the State is redeemed from the machine misrule which, stealing the name and livery of Democracy, has dominated New York for some years past, it will require the vigorous, united, and enthusiastic action of all men who care more for purity than for party.

❀

There are, however, some indications of an awakening of public sentiment and conscience, which are hopeful auguries. Mr. Hill's nomination is received with half-hearted support or open opposition by most of the influential journals in New York City, including the "World" and the "Times," both of which are Democratic papers. Even the "Sun" is cautious and unenthusiastic. More hopeful are the indications that the Reform Democracy has at last found courage with which to back its opinions. It really looks, at this writing—Tuesday—as though it would not content itself with a gentle protest, but would engage vigorously in an anti-Hill campaign, even nominating a third ticket if that course gives greater promise of effecting the political defeat of Mr. Hill. If the Cleveland Democracy has the courage of its convictions and is in earnest, it is not impossible to hope for Mr. Hill's defeat by a vote as overwhelming as that which pronounced the verdict of the State against his lieutenant, Judge Maynard.

❀

Two elements will enter into the campaign influentially besides the political character of Mr. Hill and his backers. One is the new Constitution. But as the Convention wisely submits the apportionment amendment separately, there is no good reason why Mr. Hill should be able to identify the Republican party with that amendment and appeal for Democratic votes for himself on that ground. It is perfectly easy to vote against that amendment and for the rest of the Constitution and for Mr. Morton. The other element is municipal reform. If the Republican

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leaders in New York City have the wisdom to agree on a candidate for Mayor whom Independents and Reform Democrats can support—a man who, albeit a Republican, is nominated, not for his Republicanism, but for the sake of municipal reform—they will add incalculable strength to their ticket throughout the State. The nomination of such a man as Seth Low would guarantee political reform in the city and give additional promise of it throughout the State; and it ought not to be difficult to find some other citizen, if Mr. Low cannot leave his present duties, whose name would be a guarantee of capable administration and would fire popular enthusiasm. The Mayoralty of New York City is this fall a more important office than Lieutenant-Governor or Judge of the Court of Appeals. It is only to be added that the tariff issue has no rightful place in this campaign, for on that issue Mr. Hill is in principle a Republican.

❀

A few weeks ago, in summarizing the results of recent conventions, we noticed an increased conservatism in the declarations of Democratic conventions on the silver question, and an increased radicalism in the declarations of Republican conventions. With the conventions of the past fortnight in mind, this generalization has to be modified—at least that part of it which relates to Democratic utterances. In Ohio, in Washington, and in Nebraska the Democratic party has declared explicitly for the free and unlimited coinage of the present silver dollar. As nearly the entire Democratic delegation from Ohio in the last Congress voted for the unconditional suspension of silver coinage, the action of the Ohio Convention was a great surprise to the Nation. Yet it must be remembered that three years ago the Ohio Democracy adopted a similar platform, and the sentiments of constituencies do not change as rapidly as the sentiments of Congressmen who wish to keep on what seems to be the winning side. The adoption of the free-coinage resolution by a small majority in the Democratic State Convention was perhaps less significant of a change in public sentiment in Ohio than Governor McKinley's criticism of this resolution in the speech with which he opened the Republican campaign last week. "The Democratic party," he said in brief, "has been in control of every branch of the Government since the fourth day of March, 1893, yet it has given us no silver legislation whatever, except to strike down the Sherman Law. Having disposed of the 'Republican makeshift,' they were to give silver an honorable place in the coinage of the country. Nothing has been heard of this since. The era when Democratic promises avail has gone by. The party that has struck silver down and given it the severest blow it ever had cannot be relied upon to give that metal honorable treatment." This is rather an astonishing criticism to come from the leader of the party whose representatives a year ago voted four to one in favor of striking the "blow" for which the Democratic party is arraigned.

❀

The free-coinage resolution adopted by the Washington Democratic Convention had little significance—less, in fact, than the defeat of such a resolution by a narrow majority in the Republican Convention in that State and the Republican nomination of Congressmen both pledged to free coinage. The action of the Nebraska Convention, however, was the most significant of any taken this year. The Nebraska Democrats have never before indorsed free coinage. A year ago, the only Democratic Congressman from Nebraska, young Mr. Bryan, delivered by far the ablest speech in favor of free coinage made in the House of Representatives, but the State Convention repudiated his position and indorsed that of President Cleveland. Mr. Bryan's friends claimed that the Convention's action was due to the circular-letters sent out by the State Central Committee asking all applicants for offices to meet the Committee on Convention week, and, if possible, to come as delegates. Whatever the influence of patronage last year, it reacted in Mr. Bryan's favor this year. His supporters throughout the State called a free-coinage convention in Omaha early in the season, and conducted a vigorous campaign in behalf of him and the principles he represents. The fight was a hard one—Secretary Morton being the leader of the anti-silver forces. When the State Convention last week came together, it was found that the delegates were three to one in favor of the free coinage of silver and the nomination of Mr. Bryan for the United States Senate. His election to this position, however, was possible only through fusion with the Populists. Against this policy the anti-silver delegates made a desperate fight, and, when the Convention by a vote of 324 to 184 indorsed the Populist State ticket, one hundred of the minority left the hall and nominated an opposition ticket. The disruption of the Democratic party in Nebraska, and the fusion of the free-coinage Democrats with the Populists, gives momentum to the movement which seems to be creating new party lines. Mr. Bryan, like most Democrats, and many Republicans of the West and South, believes with the Populists in the income tax, and in the strict public control, if not the public ownership, of railroads. In the event of a re-formation of parties his attitude is substantially that which the "radical" or "reform" party is likely to assume.

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The most important result of the Arkansas election is the substantial victory for no-license. The vote was taken by counties, but complete returns for the State show 50,000 votes against the licensing of the liquor traffic, to 48,000 in its favor. Apparently the number of counties prohibiting the sale of liquor has been increased one-half since the election of 1892. These local option elections, moreover, are not the only way in which saloon-free territory in Arkansas is being extended. Licenses for dram-shops are denied when a majority of the citizens within three miles of a church or a school-house petition the county court against their issue. Under this provision no-license districts can be established within license counties wherever local sentiment favors. But this is not all. Arkansas is one of the Southern States in which the Legislature is really elected by the rank and file of the citizens, and not appointed by the machines. For several years a majority of its members have been in sympathy with the repression of the liquor traffic, and have passed a large number of special acts prohibiting the sale of liquor in one district after another. It was said a year ago that only one special act of this character had been defeated in ten years, and that was a proposition to prohibit the sale of liquor within ten miles of a young women's college. The districts in which the liquor traffic has been prohibited by legislative enactment now aggregate some four thousand square miles. Even where licenses are granted the fee is fixed so high as to afford protection rather than revenue for rural communities. Eight hundred dollars in Arkansas is as high as sixteen hundred dollars, or even more, would be in the richer and more densely settled States of the North. Where the population is sparse no one can afford to pay the fee. In the towns, however, it has to be recognized that the revenues from these license fees constitute the most effective obstacle to the prohibition of the traffic. The fact, however, that the

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temperance movement in Arkansas is no longer directed to the raising of license fees, but to the extension of the territory in which no saloons can be licensed, promises in a few years to make the liquor traffic illegal in nearly every part of the State.

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All over New York City the saloons last Sunday were closed. The fact that two hundred and forty dealers were arrested for illegal selling may seem to modify the force of this statement, but in reality confirms it. To ordinary observers the saloons were closed, and the fact that the police found one saloon in forty doing business shows that policemen can enforce excise laws as easily as any other if they feel that their pay depends upon enforcement, instead of depending upon non-enforcement. The revolution in the conduct of the police department is, of course, the outcome of Dr. Parkhurst's hard fight for public morality. As the proof of police complicity in the violation of law has accumulated, more and more of the police department has been submerged in public odium. Until last week the head of the department, Superintendent Byrnes, had maintained that the excise laws were unwise, and that his subordinates should exercise their discretion about enforcement. The revelations of the Lexow Committee have made it continually clearer that police discretion about enforcement means police bribery not to enforce, and that the legislative function assumed by the police is morally as corrupting as intellectually it is ridiculous. Last week the Superintendent issued orders to the rank and file of the policemen that the excise laws should be enforced, and that the rule of the Police Commissioners against officers in citizens' dress obtaining evidence should be disregarded. One of the Police Commissioners has denied that his Board ever made such a rule, but it is certain that, in response to a remonstrance of the liquor-dealers, it declared such detective work objectionable. Between the resolution actually passed by the Board, and a direct order to policemen never to approach saloons except in full uniform, there is no apparent difference. The Board went as far as the law permitted it, to forbid the employment of detectives against lawbreaking liquor-dealers. This brazen denial of the right of the public to protect itself against public evils would seem to be the ultimate point of liquor-dealers' arrogance, but this point has within the last week been left far in the rear by the dictum of Police Justice Hogan, before whom most of the arrested liquor-dealers have been brought. According to this legal luminary, a policeman cannot enter a saloon which is open contrary to law after the hours in which it is legally open without first securing a warrant. In other words, a policeman loses his right to enter a saloon the moment it admits the public in violation of law.

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We regret that we cannot find room for a fuller report of Bishop Potter's address, the gist of which we give on another page. We heartily agree with his statement that there are lawless tendencies in our age which all good men within and without the Church ought unitedly to resist, and that these tendencies are shown in the family, and in disintegrating influences leading to easy and multiplied divorces; but we challenge the statement, which he thinks will not be challenged, that of all human institutions the family "is that which to-day has the feeblest hold upon the popular imagination." He places too much emphasis upon a few noisy platform speakers and flippant writers, and forgets the silent but unswerving loyalty of the great masses of the people to the home. Nor do we think his implication that the price of wages is fixed by the unvarying law of supply and demand can be scientifically maintained. Modern political economy recognizes other elements, and is beginning to recognize among them an ethical standard, and the power of conscience to bring society to recognize and live up to it. The Bishop's caution against unintelligent emotionalism in dealing with social questions may well be heeded by ministers outside as well as within the Episcopal communion. Nevertheless, while the first duty of the Church and the ministry is to raise the standard of individual character—for good social organization never can be framed out of bad individual members—their duty need not stop here, and it is surely possible for ministers to denounce evident wrong-doing, or even indicate the directions in which we are to look for social and industrial reform, without committing themselves to crude and ill-digested plans, the evil of which would very likely be greater than those which they condemn. Christ's teaching concerning brotherhood, and his denunciation of selfishness, can be given fullest emphasis without committing the pulpit to theories which as yet give little promise of real relief to the evils of our social order. Indeed, the question may well be asked and carefully considered, whether the evils themselves are not rather the result of maladministration than of the order itself.

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The size of the incoming college classes is usually regarded as in a measure an indication of the country's prosperity. It is a hopeful sign of generally returning confidence in the future to find most of the colleges this fall reporting increased numbers. Yale, Harvard, Williams, Johns Hopkins, Wesleyan, the University of Chicago, and many other colleges have larger freshman classes than ever before; at Yale the attendance is said to be increased by a third, while at Harvard the incoming class numbers about four hundred and fifty; and Radcliffe College has three hundred women students. The fact is all the more noticeable, therefore, that Cornell and Princeton show a falling off. The cause is believed to be the unfortunate notoriety acquired last year by the two institutions—in the one case from hazing, in the other from the silly class feuds which led to the death of a negro woman by gas-poisoning. This cause has been frankly recognized by the Presidents of Princeton and Cornell, and the evil has been attacked vigorously and without gloves. We are glad to be able to add that the students as a body in each institution show every disposition to co-operate with the Faculty. At Princeton a mass-meeting of the students formally agreed to abolish hazing, and full sympathy exists between President Patton and Dean Murray on the one side and the students on the other. At Cornell President Schurman spoke earnestly and effectively to the students on the abolition of brutality both in athletic sports and in the treatment of new students; and declared that, if necessary to prevent hazing, the Faculty stood ready to expel a whole class. But a better remedy has been found, it is thought, in the new plan of partial self-government by the students themselves. Last year the experiment was tried of a "Student Committee on Discipline," and it proved such a success that it will be continued this year with enlarged functions, under the new title of the "Student Self-Government Council." The joint action of the Faculty and the Council will, as we understand it, be necessary in the infliction of college discipline. Thus the experiment which has been tried with only partial success at Amherst is to have a new trial in a somewhat different method at Cornell. The appearance is that reason and manliness are getting the victory in our American colleges over foolish "tradi-

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tions" about hazing, over the occasional tendency to brutality in sports, and over boyish pranks generally.

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President W. D. Hyde

The Outlook is glad this week to give a prominent place to a very suggestive and spiritual sermon by President Hyde, of Bowdoin College. Graduating from Harvard in 1879 and Andover Theological Seminary in 1882, President Hyde is still a young man for the position to which he was elected nine years ago. In those years he has, however, amply justified the wisdom of the trustees of Bowdoin; for no man has better illustrated the dignity, the courage, and the high aims which should characterize the head of a college. Readers of The Outlook have not forgotten his quiet but unshaken assertion of his right to independent action and utterance as a citizen in public affairs. They may not know, however, how strongly he has impressed himself upon the students of Bowdoin College, and how well he has reinforced the highest moral sentiment of the country. When Bowdoin celebrated its centennial last spring, and the attention of the country was drawn to the dignified and interesting exercises of the occasion, there was general recognition of the fact that its President was a man who commands the respect and admiration of young men. Free from a time-serving spirit, and in closest sympathy with the life of young men of this generation, filled with an ardor for moral excellence and for spiritual progress, President Hyde has the elements of leadership.

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Cardinal Vaughan, of England, has delivered an address on the reunion of Christendom which is very significant as coming from a prominent Roman Catholic ecclesiastic. It does not, indeed, in our judgment, afford any hopeful basis for such a reunion, but it proves the existence of a desire therefor in the Roman Catholic Church, and thus is significant. The Cardinal indicates three things which the Roman Church would surrender for the sake of such reunion: she would allow her priests to marry; she would give communion in both kinds; she would allow the mass to be said in the vernacular. But she would insist on the recognition of Christ as a living teacher, not merely as a historic personage—which we should suppose all Christian Churches would also insist upon—and the maintenance, unaltered, of the divine constitution of the Church as authoritatively given by its Founder. This last is only a euphemistic way of saying that she would insist on the Papacy, with the infallibility of the Pope grafted upon the Papacy by the Vatican Council. So long as the High Church Presbyterian puts the Presbyterian Creed and Assembly above the Bible, and the High Church Anglican the Prayer-Book and the rubrics above the Bible, and the Roman Church the authority of the Pope above the Bible, and so long as other Christians insist upon the right of private judgment in the interpretation of the Bible, putting that and the individual conscience above all ecclesiastical authority, so long the reunion of Christendom cannot be anticipated as an immediately imminent event. Meanwhile we may welcome every such address as that of Cardinal Vaughan, and every such utterance as that of the Lambeth Platform, because they indicate clearly what are the difficulties in the way of reunion and what are the directions in which larger liberty and larger catholicity must be sought for before reunion is possible.

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St. Petersburg, London, and Frankfort seem to have been of more importance to the Chino-Japanese war during the past week than have any Asiastic centers. The Russian "Novosti" urges the European powers to interfere between China and Japan, to demand a restoration of the *status quo ante*, and to restrain the principals from any renewal of hostilities. The "Novosti" hopes that China may be occupied by Great Britain and France, and declares that thus an immense service would be rendered to civilization, in whose cause, so it avers, China has done nothing. Moreover, such an occupation would rescue the Flowery Kingdom itself from certain decay. It is not worthy of Europe, the journal adds, to tolerate longer the violation of business contracts, the pillage of foreigners' dwellings, and the murders of missionaries. Just how much or how little of the foregoing has been inspired by the Russian Government would be hard to say. Turning to London, we find in the "Times" at last the full and frank recognition of Japan's superiority. The journal says:

"The Chinese fleet is paralyzed, and the Japanese are free to transport a force in any direction. Two principal courses are open to the Japanese—to strike direct at Pekin or to occupy Formosa. Either of these courses is more probable than a march upon Moukden. China's passive resisting power, often extolled, has certainly not been illustrated of late years. Witness the capture of the Taku forts by the allies in August, 1860. It seems certain that 25,000 Japanese could occupy Pekin and obtain any terms they were likely to demand. The most probable point of disembarkation would be Shiuan Kiang, halfway between New Chwang and the mouth of the Pei Ho River. By landing at this point all the coast defenses which affect to protect Pekin would be turned, but the distance to Pekin, 180 miles, would have to be covered. If five or six months of open sea could be counted upon, the project of seizing Pekin would offer overwhelming advantages; but there would be much risk, while it is possible that the Japanese transports might be prevented from reaching the base of the invading force."

Thirdly, the "Frankfuerter Zeitung" has made the important discovery that, should her good fortune continue, Japan intends to carve up China into three kingdoms to be ruled over by native princes. Li Hung Chang, who is cognizant of the plan, is to have one. The journal adds: "This scheme is not so wild as it at first appears. Japan's object is to weaken China permanently. Russia will not tolerate the annexing of Korea. The execution of the scheme would be helped by the antagonism between the Chinese and Manchus." The news has been confirmed both of the departure of a Japanese army from Wiju in Korea for Moukden, the capital of Manchuria, and that of a second army from Hiroshima in Japan for some point on the Gulf of Pechili. Moukden ranks next to Pekin both in rank and wealth. The Tartars, after overthrowing the Ming dynasty, even meditated erecting the Dragon Throne there. Its capture, therefore, as the clever Japanese well know, would not only paralyze the power of the Manchus, but would inspire the Ming adherents to rebel. The second army is commanded by Field-Marshal Count Oyama, whose military record, like Yamagata's, has been a brilliant one. It is believed that the two armies are to unite at Moukden and thence march on Pekin, the policy of the Japanese being to bring the war to a close before winter. At Pekin foreigners are openly insulted by soldiers whose officers make no effort to restrain them, and should the Chinese be defeated on their own territory, it might cause a general attack upon all aliens there.

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While public interest in Europe is fastened upon Korea, the diplomatists are giving a good deal of attention to

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Madagascar. As The Outlook has more than once pointed out, the state of affairs in that country is anomalous, and the difficulties of a dual government—the French, under the form of a protectorate, managing foreign affairs, and the native Government managing home affairs—are becoming insuperable. These difficulties are increased by the fact that the trade of Madagascar is almost entirely in English hands, and therefore the principal relations of the island with the outside world are with the English. Moreover, whatever civilization there is in the island has been created mainly by English missionaries, and it is said that the Queen, the governing classes, and a large part of the city population are Protestant. It will be seen, therefore, that the French have a double antagonism to meet—the antagonism of the native population against their conquerors, and the commercial antagonism excited by the fact that the trade is almost exclusively in the hands of a rival. Since the establishment of the protectorate nine years ago friction has been steadily on the increase because the Malagasy Government has continually refused to respect the conditions of the protectorate. It has continually interfered with the French control of its foreign affairs, and this has now gone so far that a deadlock has been created which it appears hopeless to break by pacific means. The position of the French Resident became so uncomfortable, on account of the policy pursued by the native Government, that he has returned to France; the Queen has withdrawn from the capital by way of further emphasizing the severance of relations; and the French have now sent a diplomatist to Madagascar to present an ultimatum. It is significant of the character of his mission that he takes with him quite a fleet of war-ships. English interests are a good deal disturbed by this state of affairs, but England is powerless to interfere, because four years ago, as an offset for the English protectorate in Zanzibar, Lord Salisbury recognized the French protectorate in Madagascar. It is reported that the English and American residents in the island are stirring up the Malagasy Government against the French protectorate. However this may be, it is certain that a dual government of the kind which the French have endeavored to maintain in Madagascar must break down in the end, and the foreign power be driven either to relinquish its hold or to strengthen it.

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The French Republic is fortunate in the character of the men who claim the right to the French throne. There are four of these gentlemen now living. The Count of Paris was a very estimable gentleman of no small abilities and highly respected, but he did not half believe in his own pretensions; he was a good deal infected by modern ideas, and he lacked the resolution, the unscrupulousness, and the genius for intrigue which a modern pretender to a throne must possess. Moreover, his unwise and undignified affiliation with Boulanger not only discredited him but demoralized his supporters. His son, the Duke of Orleans, who now unites the claims of the elder and of the younger Bourbon lines, promises to be even less dangerous as a pretender than his father. He does not seem to have been touched by modern ideas at all, and he is so far devoid of the sense of humor that he takes his position with solemn seriousness. He has not as yet published a programme, but he has made a declaration of his uncompromising devotion to the monarchical idea and to his right to illustrate it; he has appointed a kind of Prime Minister, and he has dismissed the political intimates and associates of his father, with the intention of gathering about him advisers of his own age and temper. If these facts mean anything, they mean that the young gentleman is disposed to take an aggressive line, and that he is not willing to live in retirement and watch his chance as his father did. This is precisely what the most ardent Republican would desire, for nothing could be more absurd in this decade than a solemn reassertion of the old Bourbon ideas in a country so permeated with modern ideas as France, and among a people so sensitive to ridicule. A resolute, adroit, and able pretender might have some chance in one of those reactions of opinion which sometimes sweep over France, but a melodramatic pretender will simply entertain his countrymen, in whom the Gallic love of shows and of the farce is as strong as ever.

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We have already briefly noted the failure of Lieutenant Peary's Arctic party to carry out its plans for last summer, and the return of Mrs. Peary and most of the party to this country. Mr. Peary himself remains at Falcon Bay, and will make another attempt next spring. The full story of the hardships and mishaps of the party is told in a letter from Mr. Peary published in the New York "Sun" on Wednesday of last week. It forms one of the most thrilling chapters in Arctic adventure. The plan was to begin the long inland ice trip to Independence Bay in early March, to reach Independence Bay about the first of April, and to then divide the party of eight into three divisions—one to push northward and to explore the northern Greenland coast; one to go south and east to Cape Bismarck, and thence to Whale Sound; the third to await at Independence Bay the return of the party which had gone north. The start was duly made on March 6, but on April 10 the expedition had only got one-fourth of the way to Independence Bay, and the abandonment of the attempt was inevitable. The cause lay in the extraordinarily severe weather and its effects on men and dogs—the latter suffering also from the dreaded "piblockto," a contagious dog disease. Two men gave out within a week from starting, reducing the party to six. Ten days later (March 22) the "equinoctial storm" began, and the next day the average temperature was fifty degrees below zero (Fahrenheit), while for a day and a half the average wind velocity was over forty-eight miles an hour. The sufferings of the explorers, exposed as they were to the full sweep of the wind over the ice-cap at an elevation of 5,000 feet, were intense. The poor dogs fared even worse, many of them being literally frozen to death in their tracks. As a result of this storm two more men turned back, one being frost-bitten and the other (Dr. Vincent) being sent back to take care of him. The remaining four members of the party struggled forward, only to meet another severe storm and to see their dogs dying day by day from the terrible "piblockto." On April 10, having gone only 125 miles in thirty-five days, the hopeless attempt to gain Independence Bay was given over. The season has been an unusually severe one in the Arctic regions. Great anxiety is felt about Dr. Nansen, though his plans would not in any event lead us to expect news from him for at least a year to come.

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General News.—President Cleveland has issued a proclamation granting amnesty and pardon to all persons convicted of polygamy in Utah and now undergoing sentence; the proclamation recalls the fact that in 1890 the Mormon Church declared that it would no longer sanction the practice of polygamy, that last year President Harrison granted pardon to many offenders of this kind, and that there is evidence that the Mormons are now living in obedience to the law.——It is stated that the Pope expects to issue in December an encyclical declaring the independence of the Apostolic Delegation in the United States, and

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placing it under the direct control of the Pope.——The returns from the Japanese elections which have just reached this country indicate a defeat for the Government (or Liberal) party; 109 Liberals have been elected, 149 Opposition candidates, and 39 Independents, while there are three constituencies still to be heard from.——Henry W. Howgate, once the head of the Weather Bureau, was last week arrested in New York on a charge of having stolen over $300,000 from the Government; he had been a fugitive from justice for about thirteen years, and had been carrying on a second-hand book-store in Fourth Avenue, New York City.——General Eguzquyza has been elected President of Paraguay, and will be installed in office on November 25.——A serious engagement took place on September 24 between the Portuguese troops and the Kaffirs at Delagoa Bay, East Africa; the natives appear to have had the better of the fighting; the Kaffirs are reported to number seven thousand men, and are besieging the town of Lourenzo Marquez.——Ex-Sultan Murad V., who was dethroned in 1876, is said to be dying.——Mr. Launt Thompson, the sculptor, died at Middletown, N. Y., on September 26.——The Lexow Investigating Committee has again begun its sessions in New York City.——Judge Jenkins's decision in the case of the Northern Pacific strikers has been reversed by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at Chicago.——Messrs. Havemeyer, Searles, and Seymour have been indicted by the District of Columbia Grand Jury for refusing to testify before the Senate Sugar Investigating Committee.

Death, Resurrection, and Evolution

Rev. Lyman Abbott:

Dear Sir—In The Outlook of September 15, in "The Life of Christ," you speak of his resurrection and ascension. I have been led to believe that, like your great predecessor, you are an evolutionist. Can the two positions be reconciled? R.

It is true that I am an evolutionist, and also that I believe in the resurrection and ascension of Jesus Christ. If my faith concerning the resurrection were that which largely prevailed in the Middle Ages, and which is still entertained by some persons, though by a decreasing number, the beliefs would be inconsistent. For belief in evolution is belief that every effect has its cause; that in life each stage of growth or development prepares for and helps to produce the next stage; that each new phase of life grows naturally and normally, under divine law, out of the phase which preceded, as the bird stage grows out of the egg stage, or the blade stage out of the seed stage. But the mediæval belief in the resurrection put between the earthly and the celestial life a "long and dreary sleep," and conceived of a triple infraction of the laws of nature—first, in the miraculous preservation of the body from the processes of decay in the earth; second, in the miraculous revivification of the body in a general and simultaneous physical resurrection at the end of the world; third, in a resurrection of Jesus Christ wholly unlike this general resurrection, though anticipating and giving promise of it. In such a doctrine an evolutionist cannot well believe, unless he thinks that evolution is only the *general* law of life, and that the transition from the earthly to the celestial sphere constitutes an exception to this general law. That is not my opinion.

The mediæval doctrine of resurrection appears to me equally inconsistent with a sound philosophy and a rational interpretation of Scripture. It is born of an unspiritual state of mind, which identifies man with his body, and cannot conceive of life apart from its physical conditions. It is a pagan and materialistic graft on the spiritual and Christian philosophy of life. Its fruit is a Dead Sea fruit that turns to ashes when, in the hour of sorrow, we pluck it. If one's mind conceives of life as physical, when the physical life stops, the soul seems to such an one dead; nor can he conceive the life recommenced without conceiving of the body as recreated. In the earlier Hebrew prophets this is a prevailing conception. "Can the dead praise Thee?" cries the Psalmist. Death and silence appear to be one. Yet even in these earlier ages a prophetic soul, inspired beyond his fellows, had a glimpse of something better. "Though worms destroy my body," cries Job, "yet apart from my flesh shall I see God." In this exultant cry of a feeble hope born out of the travail-pain of a great despair, is the first vision of that fairer faith which sees that the life is not dependent on the body, that the body is at once the instrument and the prison-house of the soul, and that death is enfranchisement and introduction into a larger and unhindered life.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ afforded a visible attestation of this truth, which from that hour began to grow from a vague intuitive hope to a strong and rational conviction. Christ's cry upon the cross, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit," is no figure of speech. His death and his resurrection are simultaneous events. As the body drops the spirit rises. Whether it returns to reanimate for a little while the body, or whether the eyes of the disciples are unveiled that they may see the spiritual body which has emerged from its earthly tabernacle, it is not material to inquire, and perhaps not possible with certainty to tell. In one way or the other a visible witness of the resurrection is afforded. But this resurrection thus attested is not unique and unparalleled. It is the type of universal experience; only the evidence which attests it is unique. Every death is a resurrection. The dying and the rising are always simultaneous. From every tent that lies in ruins on the ground the inhabitant instantly emerges. The dust returns to dust, never to be revivified; the spirit to God who gave it, never to be re-tabernacled in flesh and blood.

In such a resurrection-faith as this there is nothing incongruous with the philosophy of evolution. The physical stage is seen to be a necessary precursor and preparation for the spiritual stage which follows. When the work of preparation is complete, it ceases; the conditions change; what was an advantage becomes an obstacle and drops into decay, while the emancipated life goes on in new conditions to larger development. Thus immortality is perceived, not as a miraculous creation of a new life, but as a natural continuance of this life in the next phase of spiritual evolution. Thus the figures which poets have always seized upon to illustrate their intuitive faith, but which mediæval theology has vainly endeavored to reconcile with its semi-pagan conception of life, are seen to be scientific as well as poetic illustrations of the truth. The body is a husk; when the spirit is ready for a larger life the husk drops off and dies, and the spirit emerges, brought into new life by the death of that which before was its life's instrument and protector. The body is a shell; at death the spirit breaks through, leaving the shell, which has served its purpose, in irretrievable ruin, while the spirit comes forth to sunshine and to song. Whether our correspondent believes this or not, he must surely see that it is not inconsistent with the processes of evolution, as exemplified in the seed and the bird. He may think that it lacks scientific evidence, but he can hardly think it inconsistent with the trend of scientific thought.

I am not concerned here to preach a sermon, only to answer a question. Yet I cannot forbear to add a question. If this resurrection-faith be true, if the terrestrial is

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but a preparation for the celestial, and the earthly for the spiritual, and every death is a resurrection, is it not strange that we should pay so much attention to the tent and so little to the inhabitant, so much to the husk, so little to the germ, so much to the egg, so little to the bird? And is it not strange that we should so dread for ourselves the hour and process of emergence and emancipation, and so sorrow as those that are without hope when this liberation, which we call death, sets our beloved free from this always-dying body, and summons them into the sunshine and the song?

L. A.

A Contrast

Plant: A massive structure, many stories in height; planned by the highest architectural skill; built in the most substantial and enduring manner; nobly appointed from cellar to dome for health, comfort, and convenience; with every possible appliance and invention to utilize space, facilitate communication, and make the conduct of an immense enterprise safe, swift, and exact; with machinery of the highest class for work requiring lightning-like celerity, accuracy, and system; so capacious that the population of a large village could be housed under its roof, and is housed there, so far as numbers are concerned, six days in every week; a structure, in short, as large, solid, and full of adaptation of means to ends as immense wealth, unquestioned sagacity, and professional skill of the best kind can make it. This is the splendid apparatus, the noble machinery, the magnificent plant.

Product: A newspaper, the Sunday edition of which lies before us. Of the forty-eight pages of which this sheet is made up, about thirty-seven columns, filling about five pages, are given up to illustrations, coarse in execution, vulgar in tone, frivolous in subject—an offense to the eye and the mind of every intelligent reader. Then follow column after column of mechanical working up of trifling, silly, or vulgar subjects; pages of inane and dreary perfunctory writing about all manner of persons and things devoid of dignity, interest, and sometimes of decency, with such inviting titles as "She Bathed in Blood" and "Got Drunk on Laughing-Gas" to stimulate the curiosity of readers. This paper has fine ability in its employ, but the product of brains is swallowed up in the sea of froth, twaddle, and vulgarity. Such is the intellectual and spiritual product of this superb plant. Is there not something pitiful in the contrast?

Who is Responsible?

The Outlook believes in the drama as an art and as a resource, but it protests against the reign of vulgarity, coarseness, and indecency on the stage. At least one play is now drawing crowded houses in this city which ought not to be patronized by a single clean man or woman, and yet hosts of respectable people sit in the chairs and laugh at salacious hints, suggestive gestures, and worse than doubtful stories from the stage. Plays like this are planned—they cannot be said to be written, for their only innocence is innocence of literary art—to appeal to the prurient curiosity, the slumbering passion, of those who see and hear. They are an insult to the intelligence and purity of the audience; they assume that it comes to be amused by jokes about things which are serious enough to encumber society with a vast amount of moral wreckage. When the purity of women and of families furnishes fun for an evening, it is evident that something is wrong with the audience quite as much as with the stage. Is it impossible to have entertainment without indecency? Is there no wit left save that which plays around forbidden subjects? Are amusement-seekers attracted only by the salacious and the vulgar? These are pertinent questions because the audiences brought together by these plays referred to contain hosts of well-bred, intelligent, and morally clean people. What right have they to countenance and commend the kind of fun which robs life of its charm, despoils woman of her sacredness, and makes the indecency of the divorce court common talk? It is time to call a halt. The managers have their heavy responsibility, but the final responsibility rests on society. Indecent plays will go off the stage when the curtain rises to empty houses; and decent people ought to understand that they are in large measure responsible for the exploitation of vice in the theaters.

Editorial Notes

—So many members of the New York police force are turning out to be scoundrels that people are becoming confused as to which are the police and which are the criminal classes. The line of division between the two appears to be fading out.

—It is not uncommon for a young man to vow that he will live and die a bachelor. Many a young man has done it in his club. Some interest attaches to the event, however, when the vow is taken in the presence of a Protestant Bishop and he gives his benediction to the promising celibate.

—Some Chinese Artemus Ward must be writing Admiral Ting's dispatches. In his account of the great Yalu River fight he graphically describes the "surrounding" of the Chinese fleet (twenty vessels) by the *eleven* Japanese ships. But he is able to congratulate the Emperor that three or four of his ships are sound: they incontinently fled up the Yalu River and stayed there until the fight was over!

—Greatness lies as much in the recognition of the work of one's contemporaries as in a man's own work. Very noble, from this point of view, were the words of the late Professor Helmholtz: "My contemporaries have afforded me great and essential help. Apart from the care for my own existence and that of my family, of which they have relieved me, and apart from the external means with which they have provided me, I have found in them a standard of the intellectual capacity of man, and by their sympathy for my work they have evoked in me a vivid conception of the universal mental life of humanity which has enabled me to see the value of my own researches in a higher light."

—Pope Pius IX., who had more humor than a good many people suspected, once said of Dr. Pusey that he regarded that learned and pious prelate as a bell always calling people into the church, himself remaining outside. It will be interesting to see how far the advanced party in the English Church can go without getting inside the Roman Catholic fold. Cardinal Vaughan, in a recent speech of which we speak elsewhere, held out the right hand of fellowship to them, and made his discussion of the reunion of Christendom the occasion of declaring that reunion can be accomplished only by submission to the doctrine and polity of Rome. Logically, the extreme High Church party ought to go where Cardinal Newman went. That they do not take the last step is due either to lack of courage or to an arbitrary arrest of motive on a perfectly obvious course.

—The Outlook will begin immediately the publication of a series of articles under the general title "The Bible as Literature." The chief object of this series will be to show the ordinary lay reader, who has little interest in critical discussions and no thorough theological knowledge, that the Bible is a collection of marvelous literary works, and that to be ignorant of it is to be ignorant of some of the most resplendent masterpieces of the world's literature. Articles in this series will be written by Professor Richard G. Moulton, who will prepare a general introductory article; by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, whose subject will be "The Hebrew Psalter;" by Professor J. F. Genung, of Amherst College, who will write upon "Job;" by Professor A. B. Bruce, of Scotland, who will treat of "The Mosaic Law;" by the Rev. W. E. Griffis, whose subject is "The Song of Solomon;" and by the Rev. J. M. Whiton, Ph.D., who will write on "Jonah." It is hoped that the Rev. Paul Sabatier, the famous French pastor, whose life of St. Francis of Assisi has been so universally well received, will furnish an article in the series upon "The Letters of Paul." The titles of other articles, with the names of their authors, will be announced hereafter.

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The Unconscious Development of the Spiritual Life

A Sermon[1]

By the Rev. William De Witt Hyde, D.D.

President of Bowdoin College

And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed upon the earth; and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring up and grow, he knoweth not how.—Mark iv., 26, 27.

PSYCHICAL research has been revealing curious facts of late. Things once thought miraculous, like the stigmata of the cross on the bodies of mediæval saints, can be duplicated to-day wherever the hypnotizer can find a patient sufficiently susceptible; careful experiments go far toward establishing the ability of peculiarly sensitive persons to read, without the aid of ordinary sensuous symbols, the contents of another mind. The fact that there may be in the same body, and connected with the same brain, two distinct selves, each ignoring the presence of the other, each in a way complementary to the other; which take turns in occupying the field of consciousness, one self sleeping while the other wakes, one expressing itself through the voice in speech while the other expresses itself through the hand in writing—these, and a host of similar facts, once denied and ridiculed, are coming to be accepted data of psychology.

Now, when new facts do not fit into old theories, there is only one thing to do. We must make new theories large enough to give these new facts room. That is just what psychology is doing to-day. To explain these facts we are compelled to assume that the self is more than we are conscious of. As Mr. F. W. H. Myers has expressed it, there is a subliminal consciousness, so deeply buried that ordinarily we are not aware of its existence. Only when the flow of our ordinary consciousness is arrested or diverted does this deeper consciousness manifest itself. It is in this buried consciousness that all these powers inhere for which the upper or ordinary consciousness has no place and of which it can give no explanation. According to this view, the spirit or soul of man floats in nature like a solid in a liquid. A part only of the solid object is visible. The other part, and usually the larger part, is hidden beneath the surface. The self of which we are conscious is only one section, perhaps a small section, of the total self.

> Below the surface stream, shallow and light,
> Of what we say we feel; below the stream,
> As light, of what we think we feel, there flows,
> With silent current strong, obscure, and deep,
> The central stream of what we feel indeed.

If, now, psychologist and poet are right; if a large part of each man's self is below the threshold of his own consciousness and beyond the reach of his own observation, it behooves us in all our practical concerns to take account of this subconscious self.

For example, we shall not be surprised to find the best part of our education stored up in this deeper self. As long as you measure a man's education by the amount of information he has at his tongue's end, ready at a moment's notice to be dumped upon an examination-paper, so long his education will seem to you a very small and superficial thing. It is comparatively little that the average mind can hold in this conscious, explicit form. The college student is often unable to pass as good an examination for admission to college after he has graduated as he passed when he entered. There are many college professors, for that matter, who could not without considerable special preparation pass the entrance examination at all. New lines of interest crowd out and obliterate the old so fast that what the wisest man carries with him as conscious actual possession is almost insignificant. Does it then follow that education is not worth the time and money that it costs? By no means. For a man's conscious information at any given moment is the least part of his education. The real value of his education is the power it has developed; the mastery over the sources of knowledge; the capacity to judge correctly; the ability to take up new questions in a scientific method; the sagacity to see the essential principle underneath the complex details. As long as the college boy merely shows off his newly acquired scraps of linguistic lore and scientific information, the plain, sensible farmers and business men laugh at him and despise his pretentious education. But when the college graduate in business mounts to success, a flight at a time, when he makes his mark on politics with an incisiveness and force which are the despair of men of narrower training; now that the highest prizes of professional success are passing more and more exclusively into his hands—even the hardest-headed business men are coming to recognize that there is something to education besides the little smattering of language and science and mathematics which a boy remembers from his college course.

This principle, which we all recognize in education, our text applies to the religious life. "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the earth, and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring up and grow, he knoweth not how."

If you judge religion by that part of it which shows above the surface, it seems to be a very superficial and contradictory affair. A creed half tradition, half mystery; an emotional experience alternating between ecstasy and despair; a course of conduct in which the avowal of the loftiest motives is followed by surrender to the basest impulses—this is what we find when we look most searchingly into our conscious selves. And, finding this experience in us, we naturally infer that the religion of our neighbors is no better. And hence we come to doubt whether there is any consistent and satisfying reality in religion anyway. The souls are rare to whom this bitter and despairing doubt has never come. The air is full of the cries of multitudes who have looked into themselves just deep enough to see these contradictions, and who have gone forth from this sad experience to warn their fellows that all religion is a delusion and a snare.

It is the old fallacy of taking a part for the whole. We saw that if you judge education in that way, and suddenly take a cross-section of the student's intellect, you find but little there to show as the conscious and explicit outcome of his education. It is the unmeasured and unmeasurable promise and potency which his years of training have given to his mind that justifies the student's education.

And so it is in the religious life. It is not the infinitesimal fraction of spiritual truth that you have apprehended already; not the poor, petty experiences that you have gone through; not the filthy rags of a righteousness with which you have succeeded in clothing yourselves, that constitute the worth of your religious life. It is the truth, not that you have gotten hold of, but that has gotten hold of you with such power that, though you know but little of it, yet you are sure there is infinitely more, and you surrender your mind to its gradual reception; it is the experience, not that you have had, but that you are sure you might have and ought to have, and which you invite into your life by habits of consecration and devotion; it is the conduct, not which you have wrought out as a finished achievement, but which you plant far in advance of present attainment as your ideal and your goal, and vow never to cease your aspiration and endeavor until the ideal shall be real and the goal is won—these are the deep and real grounds of Christian confidence. In other words, we are saved, not by retrospection, nor yet by introspection, but, as Paul says, by hope; by faith and not by works; by aspiration toward what we shall be, not by satisfaction with what we are. To put it in a single sentence, we are saved,

[1] Preached at Northeast Harbor, Maine, July 15, 1894.

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not by profession of our own religion, but by confession of the Christ.

Granted that your creed is hazy on many points of doctrine. That, indeed, is a misfortune. Clearness is preferable to confusion, light to darkness, in religious as in secular affairs. Yet even the creedless soul need not despair. There are truths you cannot doubt. That the world is the expression of measureless wisdom and beneficence and power you cannot fail to recognize. That the true, brave, kindly, self-sacrificing life and character of Jesus Christ is an incarnation of such goodness and grace as God must have if he is worthy of our worship you cannot fail to see.

That this Spirit of Christ is not withdrawn from the world to-day, but still lives in greater or lesser measure in the lives of Christ's followers, this, too, those of us who have known Christian fathers and mothers and teachers and friends, this, too, we cannot bring ourselves to deny. Yet if you put these three insights together, you get, not, to be sure, the scholastic doctrine of the Trinity, but a Father to worship, a Son of God to follow, a Holy Spirit to revere in the hearts of others and to welcome to your own. And if you see and respond to this with your mind and heart, you are thereby making confession of your faith in the only formula which the New Testament prescribes. Or, take the line of emotional experience. You look into your heart, and fail to find there any rapture of affection for God, any ardor of devotion to his cause. Despair not; be as cold-blooded and clear-sighted as you please, however much or little you may feel, there are certain things which you must see. You see the hard earnings of honest toil snatched from the laborer by fraud and misrepresentation; you see wife and children robbed of husband and father and doomed to beggary and want by drunkenness and debauchery; you see the peace of homes blasted by brutality and lust; you see the honor of men sacrificed to avarice and the purity of women sold for a price; you see friends alienated by malice and hearts broken by unkindness, the poor crushed beneath the unfair advantage taken by the rich, children abused by the tyranny of superior strength. In a word, you see sin and evil in the world, and you find the elemental passions out of which sin springs surging up in your own heart.

Over against all this stands Christ and the ideal of character which he represents. Sharp and pronounced is his antagonism to all these forms of sin. Over against sensuality he sets a purity which had power and charm to win the vilest from their shame; over against cruelty he sets a kindness which drew little children to his arms and brought outcast lepers to his feet; over against avarice he sets a generosity which spent a lifetime in doing good; over against self-indulgence he sets a self-control which could fast in the wilderness, and over against asceticism he sets a geniality which made him a welcome guest at the houses of the rich; over against falsehood and pretense he sets a loyalty to truth which was faithful unto death; and over against malice and hate he sets a love which pitied the ignorance and prayed for the forgiveness of his murderers.

You see the difference between right and wrong; between the side of Christ and the side of sin. Can you see it and remain utterly unmoved? Have you no feeling of indignation against the sins and injustices and wrongs of the world? Have you no stirring of admiration, no prompting of devotion, no desire for fellowship with him who bravely and generously gave his time and strength, his matchless insight and his mighty influence, and, when the hour came, laid down life itself, that he might break the force of sin and deliver enslaved humanity from its cruel and degrading bondage, and establish among men the reign of gentleness and kindness and purity and truth and love? Can you stand in the midst of this mighty, world-historic conflict, where on the one side thousands and tens of thousands of men and women are being maltreated and robbed and betrayed by the sin of others, and degraded and polluted by sin in their own hearts; and, on the other side, thousands and tens of thousands of the best and noblest men and women the world has produced are banded together in the name of Christ in the endeavor first to banish sin from their own hearts and lives, and then to do their utmost to banish it from the hearts and lives of others, and so remove its evils from the world? Can you stand indifferent between these contending hosts? Can you say that you do not care on which of these two sides you stand? Can you say that you would just as lief be counted as an ally of sin, and an aider and abettor in all the injustice and brutality which sin inflicts, as be counted a loyal follower of Christ and promoter of righteousness? When the real issue comes home to you, in clear, contrasted outlines, you feel as well as see the duty, yes, the privilege, of prompt enlistment on the side of Christ. Deep down in the unconscious depths of our real nature there is a sound core of loyalty to what is right and true. It may not rise to the surface in the form of sentiment which we can talk about, and fondle, and show off. But the profound response to the call of duty, the unswerving allegiance of our lives to what is true and kind and just and good, and to Christ as the supreme embodiment and historic champion of justice and mercy in the world; this response of our whole being to the outward voice and messenger of God—there is no heart so hard and cold and dead as to be incapable of that!

Trust this deeper feeling to the utmost. Do what it prompts. Do not wait for great storms of emotional experience to sweep over the surface of your more superficial consciousness. If there is enough of response to what you see Christ is, and what you know that he would have you do, to make you desire to be his disciple, that is all the emotional experience you need to start with. It is all that God asks for; and all that wise men will expect to find. It may not make so good a showing on examination; but the most silent and imperceptible turning of the depths of our moral nature toward duty, and toward God as the author of duty and the defender of the right, is worth more than whole tempests of froth and foam on the heaving surface of emotional excitement. The great question, after all, is not, "Have I a love for Christ of which I can be conscious all the time?" That way lies discouragement, despondency, despair. The great question, rather, is this, Have I Christ? Whether with little emotion or with much, am I resolved that what work I do shall be done in his name, what influence I have shall be cast upon his side; however cold and dead my emotions may become, however weak and blundering my efforts may prove, such as I am, I will be his? If you are thus resolved to serve him, you do love him; and the fact of this simple devotion is better evidence of love than all the protestations of affection with which the biographies of saints are full.

We have almost anticipated the application of this principle to outward conduct. Conduct is a better test than creed or emotion, but conduct, in its external and momentary aspects at any rate, is a very inadequate expression of the real self. If we are to test our Christian character by this, its practical product in our conscious experience, we shall find ourselves plunged in the slough of despond at the very outset of our journey. The scholar does not despair because, judged by absolute standards, every one of his college performances is worthless. The teacher has patience, not in consequence of what he sees, which is full of imperfection and error, but on account of what he cannot see now, but knows will appear hereafter. The willingness to try, the readiness to be corrected—these are the promise and potency of satisfactory work to come.

Character, like scholarship, is of slow growth. By painful effort, by laborious climbing, by frequent falls, we must slowly and gradually toil onward and upward. And here the great question is not, What have you done? but, What are you trying to do? Three men are on the mountain-side: one near the base, having taken only a few steps; the second is half-way up; the third is within a few rods of the topmost peak. Which of these three men is nearest the summit? "The third man, of course," every superficial onlooker replies. So it appears upon the surface. Let us look deeper into the minds and hearts of these three mountain-climbers. The first man's face is set resolutely towards the summit, and he is determined to neither pause nor rest until the summit shall be reached.

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His will is on the heights already, and soon or late we know his resolute determination will bring his body there. The second man is "resting upon his path content," enjoying the prospect he has already gained, undecided whether to go up or down. His will is alternating between the summit and the base, and we cannot say in which direction he will finally proceed. This second man is farther from the summit than the first. And the third man—his feet are indeed near the summit, but they are directed downward. He has seen enough already; perhaps he is looking with critical contempt at the poor struggling climber away down there at the base. This man will never reach the summit. He is farthest from it of them all. And so the last is first, and the first last.

Two practical conclusions follow obviously from this recognition of the unconscious growth of the religious nature. First: we must make sure that we plant the seed of truth deep in the soil of mind and heart. When you plant seed in the ground, you cannot see it grow at first. You must have faith in what you cannot see. You must leave the seed to grow of itself. But you must plant it, to begin with. You must know that it is there. The ground does not bring forth fruit of itself. The sower must cast seed into the ground. And this is a conscious process. This is left for each man consciously to do for himself. The winds of heaven will sow all sorts of weeds and tares. The good seed must be selected and planted by the hand of man. And I leave this question for each thoughtful mind to ponder: Have you planted the seed of a worthy character in your own heart? and are you watering it, and keeping the weeds down, day by day? Notice, please, that I do not ask whether the plant has grown to any particular height. I do not ask whether the fruit is ripe upon its branches. That is a minor matter. I ask you simply to consider whether you have consciously committed your heart to God; whether you have taken Christ as your Lord and Master, your standard and your ideal; and whether day by day you are opening your heart in meditation, in aspiration, in communion to him and to his gracious influence? If you have not, then do it at once. It is not a great thing, not a hard thing, to do. There is no possible excuse for waiting. The simplest creed, the slightest stirring of feeling, the feeblest genuine determination to do right, is all you need to start with. Plant now the seed of a sincere acceptance of Christ as your Lord, and be assured that, if watered and cultivated by systematic habits of devotion, that buried seed will spring up and grow, and crown your life with noble character and splendid usefulness. Delay not, oh! delay not to plant this precious seed in the springtime of your lives. Youth is the time for planting; manhood and womanhood for growth; old age for maturing; and eternity is the storehouse of the ripened grain. This word let me leave with any who have not done the simple act of accepting Christ as Lord and Master of their lives: Plant the good seed; plant it at once, before the seedtime is gone by.

And also one word to those who have planted the good seed; who are conscious that they have given their hearts to God; who have accepted Christ as Lord and Master; who are renewing their consecration to him day by day in established habits of meditating upon his word and lifting up their hearts to him in worship and in prayer. To you I say, Trust this good seed to do its work in its own time and in its own way. Above all things, don't pull it up by the roots every now and then to see how it is growing. Remember that you have just two things to do: to plant the seed, and to keep it provided with proper nourishment and care. And rest assured that if you do your part the seed will do the rest. Don't be impatient for the fruit. It will not come all at once. For a long time after planting you will see no visible signs of even the plant, to say nothing of bud and flower and fruit. That is the time when young Christians who have not pondered our parable fall into dejection and despair. They have planted the seed, and it has not come up. They have nothing to show for it. They have given their hearts to Christ, and he has given scarcely a token of recognition. They have no sure creed that they can proclaim; no experience that they can relate in meeting; no manifest change in deportment to which they can point with pride as evidence of their conversion. Well, friends, if our parable is true; if there is a deeper self than that which appears upon the surface, this, far from being an occasion for regret, is evidence that the seed of a true Christian character is growing in just the humble, quiet, natural way in which God would have it grow; in just the way in which Jesus tells us that it must grow, if it is to be a vigorous, healthy plant, and bear sound, sweet fruit at last. Silently and slowly, but steadily and surely, the truth that God's service is your first concern, the feeling that Christ's character is your supreme ideal, the determination that your life shall be lived in the spirit of love which he imparted to the world—these ideals, principles, and aspirations are gradually transforming your ways of thinking, your currents of emotion, your springs of action. Let the good work go on. Keep near to God by study of his Word, by submission to his will, by fellowship with those who, like you, are seeking to know and serve him. But think as little of yourself as possible. Do not take account of stock of your spiritual attainments. Keep near to God, and trust him to do his work in his own good time. The Bible does not tell you that you shall walk all the way by sight. It does not promise quick and visible returns for every investment. Have we really learned, with all our orthodoxy of creed and confession, the one great lesson, so simple yet so essential, that we are saved by the slow transformation wrought within us by a cherished faith, not by the sudden exhibition of accomplished works; and that the source of our salvation is the Christ whom we gradually appropriate by love and trust, not our own power to repeat a creed, or lead a meeting, or accomplish a reform?

Of course, in due time faith will produce appropriate works; the grown stalk will bear fruit after its kind. Yet here, too, we must have much patience with ourselves. We must not expect the ripened and perfected fruit all at once. Your first works will be failures and defeats; your second, blunders and mistakes; after that you may expect such partial and moderate success as invariably crowns fidelity and constancy and courage. Does this seem a gloomy and depressing prophecy? It is merely a modern version of the words that follow my text: The earth beareth fruit of herself: first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.

O friends, if the seed of a sincere and sustained desire and purpose to follow Christ is really planted in your heart and watered by daily prayer and meditation, trust God implicitly; trust the seed's inherent power; trust the fertility of your own deeper nature; and wait patiently for God to do his work. You will fail; you will err; you will sin; and for a long time your new purpose will manifest itself chiefly in overtaking your faults after they are committed; and that, you know, is penitence. By and by your new God-given purpose will grow stronger and gain upon the ingrained habits of selfishness and sin; and then there will come many a bitter struggle into your life. In the end you will conquer; and then your divinely implanted life will get the start of the old and dying impulses of crude, selfish, and sensual desire; and then the matured product of your long-buried faith will be manifest in a character confirmed in righteousness, and a conduct visibly consistent with the spiritual standard so long invisibly cherished.

Then the wonder will be all the other way. At first we wonder that a man who has confessed Christ, and is honestly trying to follow him, can give so little evidence of it in conduct. As we have seen, this makes us critical and censorious of others, disheartened and despairing about ourselves. When, however, we look on the mature and developed Christian, when we see such serenity in bereavement, such patience in trial, such fortitude in sorrow, such supremacy over appetite, such self-control in passion, such fidelity to the costly right against the profitable wrong, such loyalty to searching and unwelcome truth against easy and accepted error, such sympathy with the weak and suffering, and such fearless opposition to oppressive wealth and unrighteous power, then the wonder is all the other way, and we ask, How can such strong and

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sweet and noble character consist with frail human nature? The answer, however, is not far to seek. Long ago, in the days of seedtime, there was sown in this soul the tiny seed of an earnest aspiration to become more and more like Christ. For weeks and months the seed lay buried, giving little or no outward proof of its presence, and even its possessor doubted at times whether it were actually alive. Then came the early years of failure and defeat; then the years of sore temptation and bitter conflict, when the old self and the new fought desperately for the supremacy. And now the new life has so completely conquered that the spirit of Christ has become a second nature, putting forth the fair leaves of appropriate conduct, and bearing the precious fruit of Christian character. Then we understand the meaning of another closely related parable which tells us that the kingdom of heaven is very small in its beginning, but very great in its final outcome. It is like a grain of mustard-seed, which, when it is sown upon the earth, though it be less than all seeds that are upon the earth, yet when it is sown groweth up and becometh greater than all the herbs, and putteth out great branches, so that the birds of the heaven can lodge under the shadow thereof.

These truths, then, let me leave with you. Our nature is deeper than our consciousness can fathom. Therefore the most important transformations may take place unobserved. Hence the importance of making sure that in this deep, rich soil of our subconscious selves the germ of the spiritual life is planted by conscious acceptance of Christ, the perfect spiritual ideal, and constantly watered by habits of communion and devotion. And, finally, having opened our deeper nature to the influence of this implanted germ, with the confident assurance that, without restlessness about our spiritual progress, or haste to produce visible results, we may sleep and rise night and day, we may confidently hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

The Law of Obedience

By Hamilton W. Mabie

In reading Marlowe one is brought face to face not only with tragic situations but with the elemental tragedy—the tragedy which has its rise in the conflict between the infinite desires of the soul and the rigid restrictions of its activity. The master of "the mighty line" never learned that lesson of self-mastery which Shakespeare studied so faithfully; he was always wasting his immense force on the impossible, and matching his powerful genius against those immutable conditions imposed upon men, not to dwarf but to develop them. In art no less than in morals supreme achievement is conditioned, not only upon a free use of one's powers, but upon a clear recognition of their limits; the great artist never attempts the impossible. In "Tamburlaine," however, Marlowe strove to portray a personality which transcended human limitations, and to pass beyond them himself by the sheer force of his genius; but neither the conqueror nor the dramatist evaded the play of that law which binds ultimate freedom to immediate obedience. Shakespeare, on the other hand, achieved the most impressive success in modern literature when he dealt with the same problem in "Lear"—a success based on a clear perception of the exact limits within which the human personality may express itself.

We touch at this point the essence of the deepest tragedy and the secret of the highest art; for the elemental tragedy is the struggle between the will and the conditions imposed upon its expression, and the secret of art resides in the depth and vitality of the artist's mastery of his materials, and also in the clearness of his perception of the decisive line between the possible and the impossible. The Classical writers, with their delicate sense of proportion, harmony, and form, never attempted to pass beyond the limits of a sound art; they were sometimes formal and cold, but they were never tumultuous, unbalanced, and lawless. In Sophocles, for instance, one never loses consciousness of the presence of a genius which, dealing with the most perplexing and terrible questions of destiny, is never tempted to pass the bounds of clear and definite artistic expression, but sustains the theme to the end with a masterful self-restraint and majesty of repose. In that noble balance, based on the harmony, not on the subjection, of the heart and mind of the artist, one gets a glimpse of one of the great ends of art; which is not to express but to suggest that which transcends human thought and speech. For the great play, statue, picture, speech, are prophetic, and find their fulfillment not in themselves but in the imagination which comes under their spell; the more complete their beauty, therefore, the more powerfully do they affirm the existence of a beauty beyond themselves. The definiteness of Greek art was not a limitation; it was a source of transcendent power. It is true, it shut the Greek artist out of some great fields; but he was not ready to enter them, and the divine apparition of beauty always moved with his work, and issued out of it as a soul is revealed by a body as beautiful as itself. The Venus of Melos is not the image of a saint, but there is that in the mutilated statue which makes the divine perfection not only credible but actual.

For there is in supreme excellence of any kind an immense exhilaration for the human spirit; a power of impulsion which leads or drives it out of itself into new spiritual quests and ventures. Dante had no thought of a reawakening of the mind of man; he did not discern that thrilling chapter of history so soon to be written; but to that great movement the "Divine Comedy" was one of the chief contributing forces. The production of such a masterpiece was in itself a new liberation of the human spirit, and set the currents of imagination and action flowing freely once more. It matters little whether a great book has definite teaching for men or not; it is always a mighty force for liberation. Greek art had its limitations of theme and manner, but its perfection brought constantly before the mind that ultimate perfection which it evaded so far as definite treatment was concerned, but the existence of which was implied in its own existence, and the fuller revelation of which it was always unconsciously predicting.

This thought hints at the working out in art of that deepest and most mysterious of all the laws of life which declares that he who would save his life must lose it; that sublime contradiction which seems always to be assailing man's happiness and is always preserving it. The restraint of the great Classical dramatists, which to a man like Marlowe seems a surrender of power, is in reality the disclosure of a power so great that it makes us forget the limitations of the artist by giving us the freedom of the art. For when a man submits himself to the laws of his craft he ceases to be its bondsman and becomes its master. Marlowe evaded or refused this submission, and his work, while it discloses great force, makes us painfully aware of limitations and crudity; Shakespeare, on the other hand, cheerfully submitted to the laws of his craft, and his work, by reason of its balance and harmony, conveys a sense of limitless power, of boundless capacity for mastering the most difficult problems of life and art. Never was the glorious commonplace that a man becomes free by obedience more beautifully illustrated.

The Greek artist registered one of the most decisive advances in human thought when for the Oriental indeterminateness he substituted his own definiteness; and the human spirit took a great forward step when it discerned that, by subjection to the law of its growth, it would ultimately achieve that freedom which the Oriental mind had attempted to grasp at once and which it had failed to seize. Between Plato and Aristotle and the Oriental thinkers before them there was a great gulf fixed, which remains to-day impassable, although many fragile and fantastic structures have of late years swung airily over the abyss. In the Greek thought the foundations of Western civilization are set, and in that thought rest also the eternal foundations of art. For personality, freedom, and responsibility were the fundamental Greek ideas, and they are the ideas which underlie Western life and art. The Greek artist recognized the integrity of his own nature, and discerned his consequent freedom and responsibility. He

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did not lose himself in God, nor merge himself in Nature; he stood erect; he worshiped, he observed, and he created. He did not, through failure of clear thought, attempt the impossible, as did his fellow in the farther East; he saw clearly the limitations of his faculty, and he discerned that freedom and power lay in accepting, not in ignoring, those limitations. He constructed the Parthenon instead of miles of rock-hewn temple; and for monstrous and gigantic unreal symbols he carved the Olympian Zeus and the inimitable Venus of the Louvre Gallery. He peopled the world with divinities, and in his marvelous illustration of the fecundity of the human spirit and of its power he created an art which not only affirms the integrity of the soul, but predicts its immortality. There have been great artists from that day to this, and art has passed through many phases, but the old law finds constant illustration; and between Tennyson and Swinburne, as between Shakespeare and Marlowe, one discerns the gain and the waste of power inherent, the first in self-restraint, the second in self-assertion.

The Soul's Autumn

By Marie Mumford Meinell

"What a brave winning! Lo, the idol ours!"
When, softly as the fingers of the wind
Unleaf the tallest tree, the fairest flowers,
So God, with pity infinitely kind,
Strips the illusions, one by one, till fain
We are to trust His wisdom once again.

Blanchland

By R. Owen

Who reads "Dorothy Forster"? Who, among the hordes of Americans who make lovely Lakeland their happy hunting-ground, ever penetrates to this wild and somewhat dreary Northumberland, than which there is, I believe, no more romantic and interesting county in England? I could cover pages in mere mention of its Roman remains, churches dating back to Saxon days, castles galore ruined and intact, battle-fields, and scenes of ballad, legendary, and superstitious interest. It is as rich in all these as the Lake District is poor; and, speaking broadly, the elements of natural beauty are as deficient here as they are almost superabundant in Westmoreland and Cumberland. But this county has beauty, too, in its rich valleys by thickly wooded rivers; and of these none is fairer than the secluded green oasis in the wide-reaching moors, known, says Froissart, as La Blanchelands even in the days of Arthur. To those acquainted with Mr. Besant's best work, any description that I can give will seem feeble, yet possibly of some interest; those who do not, may it pique their curiosity to read his!

For I write from Blanchland, the small monastic village which Mr. Hilyard extolled as a place in which it was impossible to spend money. I am living in the old quadrangle, drinking water from the "font erected by my great-great-grandfather Sir Claudius" (who died in 1627), walking for hours daily on the moors over which Lord Derwentwater rode a-courting; worshiping in the church where once monks sang the daily offices, where Dorothy in later days talked theology with My Lord, and where poor excellent Mr. Hilyard tremblingly confessed his Oxford peccadilloes to the much-dreaded Prince-Bishop of Durham. Oh! I know it all: the bridge haunted by the last Abbot; the embattled gateway under which poor Tom rode off to the fatal meeting at Greenrig, to

Return to Lochaber no more;

Dorothy's own bedchamber, with a bit of painted glass in the mullioned window; the great room where the banquet was served at which Lord Crewe and Lord Derwentwater drank to the Prince; the fine old kitchen below, where the more roistering younger sons and smaller Northumbrian gentry—the faithful pair Perry Widdrington and Ned Swinburne among them—kept their less significant feast; the banks of Derwent, flowery in June "like the Garden of Eden"—I know it all, every locality in that exquisite book, from the links of Bamborough, where the Midsummer Fire was held, to the dismantled chapel of Dilston, reft now even of its lord's ashes, and the crypt beneath Saint Aidan's Church where "Daphne" has slept for more than a century and a half. "Alas! poor Dorothy!"

Why do not people know that book better? Every one reads and likes "The Chaplain of the Fleet." "Dorothy Forster" far excels it. Every one thinks "Esmond" a wonderful picture of eighteenth-century life. I submit that Mr. Besant has drawn one as faithful, as fascinating; and never could Thackeray have portrayed so lofty and noble a heroine as Dorothy, or, having drawn one as lovable, he would have detracted from her loveliness by making her jealous of Lady Derwentwater. He could never have conceived it possible that two women should love one man, each in turn having been loved by him, and yet that they should be friends. Every one reads "Lorna Doone." For Lorna's sake Exmoor is every summer thronged with *pélerins d'enthousiasme*—if I may coin an expression which somehow looks better in French—while Blanchland—ah! that thought "must give us pause." "There's the respect" that makes neglect of Mr. Besant's book bearable, even thankworthy. Blanchland yet slumbers in the midst of its moors, as it has done since the Scots departed in the days of the first Edward, after a raid commemorated still in the name of one of the surrounding hills. To be sure, if any one came he would have to build a hotel and run it himself, like the nabob in the Catskills, for the Lord Crewe Arms, once the Prior's lodging and then the Manor-House, is "very tolerable, not to be endured." We went there for a fortnight's rest, lured by a commendatory asterisk in Murray, rapturous in the prospect of living among such reminiscences; but one day convinced us that even Lord Crewe's portrait would not sweeten tainted lamb and rancid butter, and one night disillusioned us completely—reminiscences dispelled not the actual. We were on the point of driving over the moors again, ten long miles, to Hexham, when we heard of rooms in a cottage; and as they proved clean, though very humble, we took them, but I do not think they are of a kind to induce admiring tourists to come. We get delicious cream and butter, and good bread; these are our mainstay. Sometimes the butcher has not killed a "beast," and we are obliged to fall back on ham and eggs. We send to Carlisle for tea, and to Hexham for cake and jam, as well as to buy photographs and to have umbrella-ribs mended (the Northumbrian zephyrs snap them at the rate of two a week), by carrier; and I assure the epicures of New York that until they have eaten almond-cake flavored by transit in a carrier's van suggestive of Mr. Hardy's tranters and of the Vicar's wife's cakes in "Robert Elsmere" (which the carrier never brought), they do not know what a *bonne bouche* is. Our carrier, by the way, is likewise the presiding genius at the harmonium on Sundays; and as his name is Jabez Oliver, he is very likely a descendant of that Job Oliver once bewitched by Dorothy's maid, Jenny Lee.

It is but just to add that Blanchland is equal to the great exigencies of life, as may be seen from a glance at a neighboring sign, "Mary Peden, Bride and Funeral Cakes;" but great exigencies are rare, and we continue to send to Battle Hill, which long Mays ago ran red with Yorkist and Lancastrian blood.

All this, and yet I have not really described Blanchland. It consists of a quadrangle of low stone cottages, with entrance on one side by the embattled gateway of which I have spoken, and across from it by a centuries-old bridge over the river Derwent, which here separates Northumberland from the county palatine of Durham. Not far from the gateway is the Abbey Church, of which only the tower, north transept, and choir remain; and next it is the inn, a most picturesque building with battlements and arched windows and doorways. The interior is very quaint; no two rooms are on a level. The kitchen

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or bar-parlor, where the villagers assemble in the evening for a pipe and glass of beer and sapient political discussion, is really very pretty. There is a large, deep fireplace, above which stand some old pewter tankards and brass candlesticks; a high-backed settle is on one side; small, square, well-polished tables and old-fashioned chairs are scattered about invitingly; red curtains give a nice bit of color; glass cupboards full of crockery are against one wall, and on the others hang a bewildering number of oddities, among which a big brass warming-pan, a collection of silhouettes, and a rarely beautiful lacquer cabinet from the sacking of the Summer Palace at Peking are conspicuous. The one window gives on the cloister-garth where the monks are buried. In the ancient refectory, where one hundred and eighty years ago Lord Derwentwater wooed sweet Dorothy, hangs a fine portrait of my Lord Crewe, whose unflinching Protestantism withheld Dorothy from happiness. "Alas, poor Dorothy!" as she cries herself; another victim in the long and at last nearly ended struggle for the Stuart interests. Surely the triumph of the Protestant succession did not require this poor sacrifice—to her so great, to it of so little ultimate importance.

The house will soon be full of men here for the shooting, and presumably willing to rough it. They will bring some life into the sleepy little place. Last week we had a day of stir and excitement. A flower show, the event of the year, was held in "a faire green meadow," as Sir Thomas Malory would say, beside the Derwent, with attendant attractions in the way of stalls for sweet stuff and gilt gingerbread, a cricket-match, and a sixpenny ball in the evening. Every remote farmstead—quaintly Scottish in name—far back on the moors sent its contingent of smartly dressed young people. It was like a bit of exquisitely done stage-setting to see the moonlit quad that Saturday night, the lads and lasses returning from their dance with a parting chorus of "Auld Lang Syne" and "We won't go Home till Morning;" and next day, after morning service, when the band, which had been imported from the traitor Mr. Patten's old parish of Allenheads (dear Dorothy's "infamous Mr. Patten!" I have a copy of his "History of the Late Rebellion" before me as I write, cherished for her abhorrence!)—when the band, I say, played in front of the inn, and groups of villagers stood in front of their cottages listening, so like a picture or a *mise en scène* was it all that for a moment I was more surprised *not* to see Lord Derwentwater, with fair curled wig and velvet coat, come riding through the archway, or, at the very least (here is bathos!), Lester Wallack on a prancing black steed, whose reins he would toss, in his superb lordly way, to a peasant, than I should have been to see either of them.

On days that are not gaudy nor gala, Blanchland knows little of life. Beyond the arrival of the mail-cart at ten and its departure at two there are not, I believe, five vehicles seen crossing the quadrangle in the twenty-four hours. No one comes here. Why should they? Mr. Besant discovered the place, forgotten since the Dissolution. Let us be thankful that it is buried so deep in its wild moors that, like the Scots on their first visit, sightseers do not find it. Let us trust that the magic of his description may not, like the monks' too hasty peal of Te Deum, call attention to its whereabouts, lest he live to repent with the poet that the flower made known by his means be too well known,

> And now the common people
> Call it but a weed.

Terse Truth

A whole bushel of notions don't weigh half as much as one little stubborn fact.—*Ram's Horn.*

Every educated man ought to be a reformer. Education sinks in worth if it does not warm the love of justice and instill a disposition to remedy social evils.—*Professor George P. Fisher.*

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—*George Dana Boardman.*

Hints for Readers

I enjoyed very much the article in The Outlook on George Meredith and his new novel; especially the sentence in which the most popular of his novels and in the same breath those which critics have agreed upon as truly the man's best were given. I wish you had made a comparison between "Lord Ormont and His Aminta" and the two the critics have agreed upon; then your article (in my humble judgment) would have been complete. To a country minister who can buy but one or two works of each of the foremost novelists, such a comparison would be helpful in determining which to buy—"The Egoist," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," or "Lord Ormont." Will you kindly say whether or no the latter is equal to the former?

J. H. K., Jr.

Inquiries similar in character to those contained in this letter are constantly received by the editors of The Outlook, and it is in the hope of meeting the needs of a considerable class of readers that special attention will hereafter be given to such questions. Among the readers of The Outlook are many young men and women who are making their first acquaintance with English literature, and many other men and women who have comparatively little opportunity for reading, or whose reading has been in specific directions, and who desire suggestions as to reading in new fields. In answering such questions as may be sent in, the endeavor will be to convey in a very concise and simple form trustworthy information concerning writers about whom such information may be sought. Mr. George Meredith, whose latest novel, "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," was reviewed in these columns several weeks ago, has written a considerable number of stories. Of these, perhaps the most attractive to the beginner is "Diana of the Crossways." The preliminary chapter of this novel is Meredithian to the last degree, and might well be omitted until after the story has been finished. In the judgment of the lovers of Meredith, his best stories are "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" and "The Egoist," both novels of great power and insight. Probably if a vote were taken among the readers of Mr. Meredith, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" would be found to be his most popular story. "Rhoda Fleming," "Vittoria," "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," "Evan Harrington," "The Tragic Comedian," and "One of Our Conquerors" are the titles of Mr. Meredith's other stories. He has also written a number of short stories and several volumes of verse.

Should Dickens still be read by a man who wants to make himself familiar with the best that has been done in fiction? Or should he be taken from his place on the book-shelf to make room for the new metaphysical school of which Meredith seems to be the chief prophet?

An Old-Fashioned Reader.

Dickens should be read by every person who reads the English language, for, notwithstanding very grave defects, he remains one of its masters. Moreover, catholicity of taste and appreciation ought to be cultivated by every intelligent person; one ought to be able to love both Tennyson and Browning, to enjoy both Meredith and Dickens. The great body of readers, and the critics as well, have substantially agreed in giving the first place among Dickens's novels to "David Copperfield," both on account of its style, its sentiment, and its construction as a story. "Our Mutual Friend," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Martin Chuzzlewit" follow close after. Dickens's most powerful story is undoubtedly "The Tale of Two Cities." In many respects it is his best piece of work, but it is by no means so thoroughly characteristic of him as the novels which have been named. It is a kind of *tour de force;* a very noble piece of writing, but not quite in the natural power of the man. "Little Dorrit" is generally regarded as the most uninteresting of the Dickens stories, and "Dombey and Son" and "The Old Curiosity-Shop" as the most inartistic and untrue, in that they are so given over to sentimentalism. Sentimentalism and exaggeration were the defects of Dickens's quality.

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The Spectator

There are any number of men who have bled and died for their country, their hearths and homes, and all that it is generally considered fitting to perish for, but, so far as the Spectator's curiosity has led him to investigate, there is yet another death-roll which compares in startling equality with the honor-roll of heroes who have sacrificed themselves on National and domestic altars. The Spectator refers here to the dead who have died—he hesitates in writing it—to gain an audience. It is rather a gruesome task to collect such statistics, yet interesting in the extreme. Unfortunately, the two rolls are not easily separable, and in many cases it is next to impossible to decide upon which roster a given name belongs.

Titus has him by the foot,
And Aulus by the head.

When Captain Tom was within range of the enemy's guns and a pursuing bullet pierced his hat, was it a plucky effort to teach his men indifference under fire, or was he but playing the buffoon, with them for audience, when he yelled back over his shoulder, "Here, you—that's my hat!" On which roll should Captain Tom's name be set?

❀

A man acting his part nobly at the price of great personal danger is "in action" as surely as is the soldier to whom that term strictly belongs. The Spectator, then, has seen men in this kind of action where the thought of self no more hampered or compelled their movements than such consciousness affects a madman. They were, in fact, mad also with the noble rage of rescue to some fellow-being. The Spectator can now recall the fixed face and bent brows of such a one as he rushed by a gaping, inactive crowd to fling himself into his boat, which a moment later was tossing in rollers where no other man would venture, save, indeed, the poor fool drowning in the churning waters beyond, in which he had ventured to swim for no other purpose than to gain applause from the audience gathered on the shore. That the rollers lifted and tossed into safety the light boat, refusing the sacrifice of its load while holding the prey they elected to keep, bears not at all on the story's moral. Here the honor-roll and the roll of folly paired, as it were—a life nobly offered for a life ignobly risked and lost. Such acts of fine unconsciousness—and the Spectator has seen more than a few—should redeem a heart from cynicism; but to see truly is not to be a cynic, and of what use is a Spectator if not to see? Yet a little blindness might be more comfortable at times. How quiet and restful the life of Mr. Mole, burrowing always away from the light and carefully avoiding each tangle and knotty root of life! The Spectator would far rather close his eyes also and think only of deeds nobly unconscious; but, not being Mr. Mole, he is forced to remember as well the bold deeds he has seen perpetrated which would have remained unrecorded by Heaven had no audience been present to record on earth. Give to all the Captain Toms the benefit of any doubts that are possible—for, alas! too often there can be none. As the loins were girded up, the Spectator has seen a betraying look cast about that "picked up the eyes" of the audience as deliberately as ever actor paused before his great act. What would become of the fanatic, the anarchist, the politician, bereft of such an audience, horrified or applauding? If the Spectator may quote Scripture, Verily, all these have their reward. Yet with them should not be confounded those unconsciously conscious souls to whom applause is as strong wine, not that its taste is flattering to the palate, but that it fires and exhilarates the blood.

❀

The Spectator once saw a young carpenter crawl beneath a derailed engine that lay under an embankment where a marsh made up. He knew that the heavy iron was settling deeper every moment in the soft earth, but knew also that under the terrible compress lay the engineer of the wrecked train. The carpenter's old father stood by watching his son. "Well done, boy, well done!" he said, in his deep voice. He had caught a momentary hesitation on his son's part, and met it with this applause. The engineer was already dead, it was discovered, but the plaudits which greeted the return of the living boy, unscathed from under those tons of iron, no more prompted the young fellow to this act of pure heroism than is the soldier prompted to glory by strains of martial music, which are nevertheless a tremendous factor of battle-inspiration. The folly-roll is not made up from such as these.

❀

Madcap exploits on Brooklyn Bridge serve to show the almost incredible sacrifices men will make for notoriety; but the most curious example of morbid craving for an audience that has ever come to the Spectator's knowledge was given by a young negress who for some silly wager insisted that a heavy-footed negro should walk on her prostrate body. After persuasions, the young negro actually granted her request. The foolish victim immediately became an object of extreme interest to the company and neighborhood—in fact, created an audience for herself at the price of an agonizing death caused by internal injuries which developed later. Another of her excitable race, known to the Spectator, drank laudanum and died of the draught, reiterating with piteous insistence that she did it "just for foolishness." "Just for an audience," both she and her dusky sister might have said; and why not hundreds of those who announce themselves a superior race for no better reason—who ruin their bodies in prize-rings and even more legitimate contests that endanger life and limb? The Spectator here lifts his feet gingerly, and leaves the ground of athletics. Certain fields rise before his mind from which the lists of folly might well be swelled, but over them float too many flags of learned institutions to be safely tilted against.

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The line between using an audience as a noble stimulus or as a pandering to vanity is very fine. To decide between a proper ambition for recognition and an improper craving for applause is finer drawing yet. The Spectator once knew of a commission sitting on such a question, and puzzled beyond measure in consequence. A terrible wharf accident had occurred which cost many lives, and the number of the saved was larger than of the lost, only because of great heroism and effort on the part of certain men. A grateful city appointed the commission to discover these men and decorate them with a medal which should forever prove, to all who read its legend, what brave men might accomplish. The city's action was heralded by the papers, and sounded most alluring—so alluring, in fact, that the commission found their door besieged by the whilom heroes, each asserting his own claim, with quarreling and contesting as to the claims of others. The disgusted commissioners, saved the trouble of seeking the heroes, were almost inclined to save themselves the further work of distributing the medals, which were, however, finally, and, it is to be hoped, justly, allotted. Yet these same men, so lacking in delicacy, had been as brave as could be asked in the hour of need. The craving for an audience simply turned their honest, unbalanced heads.

❀

The Spectator has the honor of knowing one hero who is as modest as he is brave, as ambitious as he is modest. In an hour of National disaster it was his hand that was ready, his head that was cool, and his noble, heroic action that turned the tide for at least his portion of the command, which was not unimportant to the whole. By one of those curious twists of fate it was easy for another, who had not himself acted ill in the affair, to reach the ear of power and to enjoy the glory of the whole maneuver. Thus honorable mention fell on him and passed over the head to which it rightfully belonged. The friends of the slighted officer read the official reports with amazement. Where was the man they had expected to hear from? "Where was B——all that while? where was B——?" they kept asking. B—— was silent and had not yet spoken, but before his return to his home whispers of the true state of affairs had preceded him, and his old friends were ready with a banquet in his honor. The Spectator can now see B—— sitting at the right hand of his host trembling like a girl and spilling his wine on the table-cloth as he tried to rise, glass in hand, in response to the cheers which showed him that his friends at least knew his dues and rendered them.

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The Home

Radcliffe College

By Helen Leah Reed

The seven ladies and gentlemen who fifteen years ago founded "The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women at Cambridge" builded even better than they knew. The so-called Annex aimed at but one thing—to open to women as many courses of instruction by Harvard professors as the demand would warrant. The twenty-five students of the Annex first year have increased more than tenfold, the faculty has more than doubled, and the number of courses now offered is more than five times as great as it was in 1879.

The Annex itself, however, has become a name of the past, and in its stead is Radcliffe College, empowered to give degrees to its students, with the approval of the President and Faculty of Harvard. Yet, except in name, Radcliffe College does not differ materially from the old Annex. Although it offers more to its students, it carries on its work in the same way as did the Annex. The examination-papers set before girls entering Radcliffe are identical with those set before the boys; they are marked by the same examiners and on the same scale as the papers set before the boys. What is true of the entrance examinations is true of all the examinations throughout the course; and the various courses which a girl pursues are the duplicates of courses given by Harvard professors to their classes of men students.

Really, then, the Faculty of Radcliffe College is the main body of the Harvard Faculty, with courses of study and examinations identical with those offered by the older university. With a few limitations, it might be said, "Whatever Harvard offers men, Radcliffe offers women," at least as far as courses of study are concerned. So wide, indeed, is the choice that a studious girl, instead of feeling herself restricted, is apt to be embarrassed in selecting from the two hundred electives offered her the less than one score courses required for the A.B. degree. While many graduate courses have been open for several years to Annex students, the curriculum of Radcliffe College shows much wider opportunities for graduate work. No fewer than fifty of the graduate courses offered Radcliffe students are actually Harvard courses. That is, in these fifty courses properly qualified young women will receive their instruction in the same classes with young men. Only in the departments of Physics and Chemistry is Radcliffe at all weak. Its laboratories, admirable of their kind, are intended for elementary rather than advanced work. But this is not the case in the departments of Zoölogy and Botany, where the full resources of the Harvard collections are available for women, nor in Astronomy, where the observations offer women unsurpassed opportunities for astronomical research.

In the days of the Annex the query was sometimes raised why women should prefer to study at Cambridge, where their work was not crowned by a degree, rather than at one of the many degree-giving colleges established for women. The answer to this is simple enough: many women prefer courses of study which they know are not prepared especially for women, and are especially glad to undertake Harvard work, since Harvard stands in the advance line of general educational progress.

Up to the present the recitations of the Cambridge women students have all been held in Fay House. There has been no attempt at co-education, for the professors giving instruction at the Annex have simply repeated the courses already prepared for their Harvard students. Next year, however, about fifty graduate courses of Harvard will be open to advance students of Radcliffe College. Many of these are seminary courses, and all of them offer opportunities for graduate work unexcelled in this country.

Visitors to Fay House, the picturesque home of Radcliffe College, are usually surprised to learn that it contains no dormitories. They admire the spacious lecture-rooms, library, and homelike reception-rooms, but they constantly ask, "Where do the students live?" It is in its arrangements for the home life of students that the Annex has always been unique; and Radcliffe College will of course follow the same lines. It is in the avoidance of a dormitory system that the Annex has been so different from other colleges. Many of the women students at Cambridge live with their parents or guardians in Boston, Cambridge, or the neighboring towns. Yet each year sees a constantly increasing number of students from a distance. These latter students board in private families in Cambridge, and their boarding-places must be approved by a committee of ladies of the Annex corporation. They may not board in families where Harvard students also are received, and they are not permitted to change a boarding-place without the permission of the committee. Beyond these rather necessary restrictions, women students at Cambridge are in no way hampered by irksome rules. All who have studied the question admit that a system has great merits which encourages independence of character and frees the student from many of the annoying regulations that must accompany the dormitory system. Women students at Cambridge, moreover, have never abused their liberty—a statement as true to-day of the three hundred as in 1879 of the fewer than thirty. At the same time, it is only fair to say that, with the increasing numbers, it is somewhat difficult to find as many private families as are needed ready to receive students into their homes. It may, therefore, become necessary for Radcliffe College itself to establish some small homes of its own which it can offer to attending students. Small houses, each with a suitable matron in charge, and each to accommodate ten or a dozen students, are the kind of home which friends of Radcliffe hope to see, rather than large dormitories wherein the life lived can hardly be the normal home life.

Whereas in the earlier years there was little real college life among Annex students, recent years have shown great changes. The social spirit to-day manifests itself chiefly in the forming of many clubs. The Idler, the Glee, and the Banjo Clubs are essentially social. The Philosophical, the English, the German, the French, and the Music Clubs have occasional social meetings. The Emmanuel Club discusses matters philanthropic, and the Tennis Club encourages a love of outdoor sports. There are no Greek-letter or other secret societies at Radcliffe College. While special qualifications—indicated by their titles—are requisite for membership in most of the clubs, any Radcliffe student, on signing its Constitution, may become a member of the Idler Club. Amateur theatricals and similar diversions bring the members together frequently during the college year. Twice a year the members receive their friends of the outside world at receptions, at which all the rooms of Fay House are thrown open to the hundreds of guests. Fay House again receives many guests on the occasion of the Class Day and Commencement Day of Radcliffe College.

Radcliffe students, in fact, have become an appreciable element in Cambridge society. They have many opportunities for meeting well-known men and women, not only under hospitable Cambridge roofs, but at Fay House itself. For in the pleasant drawing-room of Fay House Mrs. Agassiz during the winter presides on Wednesday afternoon over a cozy afternoon tea-table. Here come not only the Radcliffe students themselves, but many distinguished visitors to Cambridge to pay their respects to Mrs. Agassiz.

A well-equipped gymnasium, under the direction of Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, has been at the service of Annex students for many years. More lately a second gymnasium adapted for Swedish methods has been opened, and thus Cambridge students have every opportunity for sound physical culture.

In general features Radcliffe College differs hardly at all from the old Annex. Its curriculum is wider, its graduates will have a degree instead of the degree-certificate, and these degrees will be countersigned by the President of Harvard, and will bear the seal of the University.

Some change in the organization of the Board of Man-

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agers has also been made necessary by the change of power from the somewhat indefinite Annex to the more definite Radcliffe College. Mrs. Agassiz still remains President; Mr. Arthur Gilman, formerly Secretary, becomes Regent; Miss Mary Coes, an Annex graduate, his former assistant, becomes Secretary; and a new office, that of Dean, is created. This last office, to be filled by Miss Irwin, of Philadelphia, is less academic than social. The Dean's function is practically that of lady-resident. It will be her duty to keep in close personal relations with students, advising them about their Cambridge homes, supervising their social life; for on her will fall much of the responsibility which has hitherto been shared by the several ladies of the Executive Committee.

The Academic Board of Radcliffe College, which has charge of the granting of degrees, is larger than the Academic Board of the Annex, and no degrees will be given except with the approval of the President and Fellows of Harvard University.

The Corporation of Radcliffe College is in one or two respects different from that of the Annex. The members of the Corporation will now be known as "the Associates of Radcliffe College," and in their number will be two of the Annex alumnæ.

Although in some respects Radcliffe College approaches more nearly to the ordinary college for women than did the Annex, it still has an individuality which makes it not only valuable to students, but interesting to all who observe its workings.

How Much?

By Helen Churchill Candee

Economy and extravagance are elastic terms which adjust themselves to all circumstances, but, because of varying incomes and expenses, must be set to a sliding scale of figures. Economy in one household is extravagance in another because of the difference in family, position, and environment. Every purse knoweth its own emptiness. There are those so empty that the payment of five cents for a street-car fare is too much to spend, and the owner cannot appreciate as abstinence any of the economies of a richer neighbor. In fact, they look from his point of view like niggardliness or lack of desire.

Economy is a thing we have always with us; it is a thing that few escape. It is a haunting shadow that even a successful racer for riches rarely outruns. Responsibilities, general expenses, and charities all increase in equal ratio with the income, so that the head of the family seems never to have left in his pocket a comforting surplus with which to satisfy his own personal indulgences. The desire for these lies deep in every heart, side by side with the hope of their accomplishment. But the five or the five hundred dollars necessary seems always to be claimed by a dozen other objects, and the only way by which to gain the long-desired indulgence is to shut eyes, ears, and conscience to everything else, and, with a heroic effort of selfishness, plunge into the coveted extravagance. This is true not only of the limited purse, but also of the long one.

Extravagance, as opposed to economy, can be easily reduced to a neat, round definition: spending more than you have. But the constant avoidance or indulgence of it are veritable problems which confront us daily, each one of which must be met with consideration for all the circumstances involved. There is an extravagance which masks as economy and finds its expression in the policy of "save at the spigot and lose at the bung." It is fraught with timid caution and unselfishness, and its only remedy is experience and clear mental vision.

Where money is needed to advance a talent (which may or may not have a money-making ability), or to educate a hungry mind, it is hard to call money thus expended an extravagance, and equally hard to starve talent or mind by an economy which denies them possible development. Often one sees the man of artistic talent pushed into a business position for which he has no taste or ability, and which he fills in a necessarily heartless and therefore unremunerative way. Economy has ordered and marred his life. With persons of generous means such an error would have been so far removed from injudicious expenditure as to be unpardonable and cruel. No arbitrary rules can be laid down for extravagance or indulgence, and only the guides of expediency and unselfishness can aid us.

Bishop Newman, in trying to make a rule that should be applicable to all in the matter of benevolence and charity, advised the giving away of an amount equal to that spent for indulgences. If five dollars be expended for some luxury, let an equal sum be given for charity. Of course this doubles the cost of an indulgence, and thereby makes many things impossible, or at least depreciates their quality. The rule is harder for limited persons (as, indeed, everything is), for the man who can buy a steam yacht can also afford to endow a charity; but he who has only five dollars to spend finds it difficult to give away another five, or make the half of it satisfy his desire. Still, the Bishop's rule is a good one, and better far than that which demands a fixed percentage of income for charity, for, while an income may be a fixed fact, the size of a family is not.

There is a sort of obligatory charity which scarcely comes under the name of alms, yet which cripples many a would-be almsgiver. This is the care of needy relatives. It is our first duty to our families, to ourselves, and to society, and in many instances is the most difficult of all charities, partly because it must not be denominated as such, and partly because it so drains the purse that outside giving is limited almost to stinginess.

When a man begins his business life, he should at the same time begin to advance that comforting reliance in time of trouble—a bank account. The question of how much enters here also, and is equally impossible to specify in numbers, for very obvious reasons. Perhaps a definite idea of the amount necessary to be obtained will determine the sum for many. It should be a prominent object in every one's life to amass at least a sufficient sum to provide its owner and his dependents with necessities. There comes a time in almost every life when there is strenuous need for just such a provision; and to strive for it, to save and pinch for it, is not penurious nor ignoble, but is commendable and fulfills a duty to one's self and others. Therefore each year should see the sum increase.

The amount which will make a family pecuniarily independent, which will keep them from want in case all other sources of income are cut off, should be approximately estimated, and that sum made the object of attainment. The sum should under no circumstances suffer deduction, but should be increased in every possible way. When it is once accumulated, a peace of mind will settle down upon its owner, a feeling that in case of calamity or death the family will not be left destitute, and all past labor and denial are repaid.

A Modern Hero

A True Story

By Mary Willis

The children had decided that a day in the woods was the one experience that they must have to complete their happiness. It was so easy to meet their desires that I smiled when they presented it as a difficulty.

The very next morning they were surprised to find baskets packed, blankets strapped, everything ready for the picnic.

We had decided where we were going—into woods that had stood on a far-away hill, with all possibilities of an unknown land. A few gravestones marked a spot we had promised we would visit again when we left it last year—a weird place that seemed forgotten by everybody. We arranged our baskets, got the water, gathered sticks for a fire, and made the fireplace; then we started to explore the woods and visit the graveyard. Last year the youngest member of the party had been distressed because a lamb on a little tombstone had lost its head; she wanted to see whether it had been fixed.

The lamb's head, with the nose gone, lay on the ground

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beside the little tombstone. Nothing in the yard had been changed. At the lower end of the graveyard the hay-cocks stood about, and we sat down, leaning against them. One of the children commented on the neglect, and concluded that the people did not care for their dead as city people do. Her attention was called to the long hours of labor, the little money, the distance that must be traveled from any house we knew, the absence of water, the stony soil. "I don't believe they care for their families as we do, anyway," continued the little skeptic. A wave of memory recalled a story about the family in the little house on the other side of that wooded mountain, and it was told to the children.

About sixteen years ago a widow and her son lived in the house. By hard work and care in the use of everything about the place these two managed to pay their way. One winter the boy saw that his mother could not work as she had been working. She made no attempt to care for anything outside of the house. The weeks went by, and one by one the housekeeping cares were assumed by the boy, only sixteen years old. He saw that his mother was growing thinner and whiter; but these two did not talk to each other about their feelings. The boy grew more and more bewildered. The nearest neighbor lived two miles away, over a rough road, and had a large family and many cares. At last the mother could get up no longer. The boy said nothing to his mother, but when the morning's work was done one morning he started for his neighbor's and asked her to stay with his mother while he went for the doctor, living in the village nine miles away. He started with a heavy heart. By quick walking and a ride he was back before sundown. He said nothing of his errand, but he knew by the expression in his mother's eyes that she knew where he had been. The next day the doctor came. He could do nothing; the only hope for the mother was in an operation, and the doctor would have to be brought from a distant city to perform it. It would cost four hundred dollars! The boy gasped. For a few days he walked about in a dream. The sweet smile of his mother was the only gleam of happiness in his life. He could not lose it. One day, with a piece of pencil and brown paper, the boy seated himself behind the barn, and wrote a letter to an uncle he had never seen, asking him for two hundred dollars as a loan, and telling him why he wanted it. The neighbor took a mortgage on the farm for two hundred dollars, but before this was done the money from the uncle reached the boy. He was radiantly happy. It was as though great wealth had come to him; he did not think of the years that must pass before he would be free again.

Again the journey to the doctor was taken, and the arrangements made for the surgeons to come.

The morning came for the great event. The boy had scrubbed the floors in the little house, he had polished the stove, and made the house shine in his effort to help his neat mother. Then he washed and dressed her in her plain garments, whose rough lines told of untutored fingers in laundry-work. When the neighbor came she found everything ready, and mother and boy keeping each other's courage up. There was the noise of wheels, and the great doctors were entering the little house. The boy waited until all was in readiness, and then he found his favorite seat back of the barn. An hour later the neighbor came to him with a white face. He had no mother. He walked into the house and took the money from his pocket and handed it to the doctors. He did not let his little world know how he felt; he lived in silence. The years went by; the boy lived in the little house, and worked harder than ever. At twenty-three he had paid the debt, and was married to the neighbor's daughter.

"Why, if he had known, he need not have spent the money," said the little skeptic.

A brown-eyed boy lying on the grass turned with flashing eyes, saying: "That would have made no difference; such a boy would have done it even if he had known." He recognized a born hero.

The next week, without telling the children, I took them along a road that passed the little house on the mountain where love had made a hero. On and on we climbed; at last we came to the level at the top, and there was a little house, with flowers growing all about it—gay, old-fashioned flowers.

Opposite the house, on the other side of the road, stood a barn, with doors painted green—one of one shade, and the other of such a different shade as to appear almost blue. Through the doors came a man, tall and thin. He wore blue overalls crowded into boots that wrinkled round his ankles; one suspender held them over his shoulders. A torn straw hat was on his head. A shy-looking little girl held his hand. Just then a woman came out on the side stoop, and walked with a pail toward the well. Before she could reach the sweep the man sprang over the fence to help her. When he passed into the house, I said, "Chicks, that's the boy who paid the doctors—and the neighbor's daughter!"

The boy with the brown eyes hurried through the gate, carrying his hat in his hand, and asked for a drink. He did not put his hat on again until he reached the road.

The little skeptic said, "You said he was a hero. I think he's homely." And the boy with the brown eyes flushed and turned to speak, but did not. I wonder what he wanted to say?

A Day on the "Fish-Hawk"

By Charles Barnard

When the first settlers came to this continent, they found the rivers and the sea swarming with fish. There were shad and salmon in the rivers; herring and smelt filled every little creek; mackerel in immense schools rippled the waters of the bays; cod and halibut could be caught in boats off the shore, and oysters and lobsters were abundant everywhere. Now many of these fishes are very scarce, or have totally disappeared. As more people came here, more fish were needed, and we caught them too fast. Then the fishermen began to be alarmed, and asked what it all meant. There was only one man who could explain the matter—the Zoölogist.

Now, the Zoölogist is modest, and he said, very plainly, "I do not know what is the matter, but I can find out. Give me a steamboat and I will study these fishes, and then I can tell you what you had better do about it." So it happened that the Government built a steamboat and called it the Fish-Hawk, and on this boat the Zoölogist has been at work for some time, and has learned more about the sea and sea-life than we ever knew before.

One bright summer morning a few weeks ago, the Fish-Hawk lay at the Lighthouse Dock, near Tompkinsville, Staten Island. As it was vacation-time, a party of zoölogists had been invited to spend the day on the boat, and see how the Zoölogist-in-Chief studies the lives of fishes who live deep in the sea. So it was, also, that the Zoölogical Historian came to go, too. It was vacation for the visitors. On the Fish-Hawk there is no vacation. The year round, it sails and sails, searching everywhere for new facts about fishes. Part of the time it is also busy hatching young fish. The work of this trip was to see how the Zoölogist gathers up fish-life from the floor of the ocean. We steamed out past Sandy Hook and steered away for the Light-ship. By noon the big hotel on Long Beach could be seen ten miles to the north, and Sandy Hook Light-ship lay about twelve miles to the west. Then we prepared for the strange work of the day.

To understand it all, we must examine the boat as a machine, or part of a machine, used by the Zoölogist in his curious studies. The Fish-Hawk has two screws, so that it can be handled with the greatest precision, one or both of the engines being used to place the boat in any required position, or give it any required direction when in motion. The wheel-house is on the upper deck, forward, so that the boat can be controlled from a single point. The stout foremast is immediately in front of the wheel-house, and has a long pivoted boom like a derrick. At the foot of the mast is a steam hoisting-engine, controlling a long

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steel cable. This cable is arranged like the hoisting-rope of an ordinary derrick, except that the cable, before passing through the boom of the derrick, passes through a pulley attached to a powerful steel spring placed near the top of the mast. This spring is used to take up any sudden jerks or strains that may come on the hoisting-cable when it is in use, and thus prevent it from breaking in sudden strains. This derrick and cable are the Zoölogist's fishing line and pole.

For a hook he uses a curious iron frame, shaped like the runners of a sledge. This is the mouth or open end of a huge woven net, and the whole apparatus is called a "beam trawl." The net attached to the frame when drawn out resembles a huge purse, the lower part ending in a point or little pocket. This end is open, but can be securely closed by tying it up with a rope. The Zoölogist uses this great net by dragging it over the bottom of the sea, the ship, the derrick, and the engines all working together to make its iron runners slide over the bottom of the water and scoop up whatever fish are in its way. Before we see the Zoölogist go a-fishing we must notice one more little machine. This is the sounding-wire, for ascertaining the depth of the water. This is a fine steel wire wound on a spool and carrying at the end a brass weight or plummet, having a "grease-cap," or little pocket for grease, at the end. Above this is placed a self-recording thermometer. This is arranged in such a way that, on letting a brass weight slip down the wire, the thermometer, when struck by the weight, records the temperature of the water wherever the glass may be.

The real work of handling the great net, or "dredging," as it is called, is performed by the officers and men of the boat. The Zoölogist's work comes afterwards. So it happened that we all stood on the upper deck watching the performance. It was a curious sight. We were all alone on the sea, with only the dim, hazy Highlands visible to the west and the white steamer rolling lazily on the Atlantic waves. The engines had stopped, and the boat was drifting on the tide. The captain stood at the bows, with the second officer at his side. There was a man at the wheel waiting for his commands. There was an officer at the bells to control the engines, a man at the hoisting-engine, a man at the sounding-wire, and a dozen sailors standing ready by the big trawl. Below, the engineers and firemen were all in place, ready for their important though unseen work. An officer also stood ready, note-book in hand, to make a complete record of the work.

The man at the sounding-wire began to turn his crank and wind in the wire. Then he reported that the water was thirteen and a half fathoms deep, and the little stones clinging to the grease showed the bottom to be gravelly. A word from the captain, and the hoisting-engine began to turn, and the great iron-mouthed net rose in the air, the boom swung out on the water, and the net dropped out of sight in a ring of foam. The cable went singing and hissing through the green water, and in a moment it slackened up—the trawl had reached bottom, eighty feet under water. A rope fastened to an iron ring that slid along the cable was drawn tight by the sailors and made secure near the bow. This brought all the strain on the cable right down to the ship's nose, and caused the cable to act as an anchor chain. Then the boat swung slowly round, with her head to the wind. One engine was started astern, and the boat drifted slowly backward, dragging the great net over the bottom of the sea.

For ten minutes every man stood in his place in silence. The second officer watched the spring at the masthead. It was quivering and uneasy, now drawing out, now pulling back again, as the trawl struck a rock or stone-heap on the bottom. The iron runners would lift it over fixed rocks, and smaller stones would be scooped up by the net. A man stood with his hand on the cable to ascertain by the feeling of the trembling wires whether it was sliding along easily or jumping and bumping over the rocks. Every man stood watchful and anxious; for a big rock might catch the trawl, and every one must be ready to stop the boat and ease up the cable to prevent breakage. It was strange, fascinating work; but we could not stand watching it too long, for the Zoölogist called his guests to the main deck below.

Here the men of science found everything ready for their work. Hanging tables had been let down from the ceiling, and on these were soup-plates and bowls filled with sea-water. A wide door stood open at the side, just above the water. Then we heard the bell ring, and the boat stopped. Next we heard the rumble of the hoisting-engine overhead, and a moment later the huge net was dangling in the air at the door. The end was hauled in on deck and opened, and out upon the deck poured a mass of stones, shells, and gravel, mingled with clams, crabs both large and small, starfish, sea-urchins prickly with spines, sea-anemones, sponges, and fish of every kind and shape. A big flounder was picked up and sent to the ship's cook, and then the men of science gathered round the wet and wriggling heap and picked out the zoölogic prizes. Every one engaged in the grand hunt for fish-life, turning the wet stones over in search of strange forms that dwell in the still, dark, mysterious place we call the floor of the sea. Millions of microscopic creatures that looked like bunches of brilliant color, golden browns and deep reds, rich greens and tawny oranges, were mingled through the flopping, crawling heap, and were quickly carried to the bowls, where they spread out like fairy plants in the clear water. Strange eggs, and comic baby flounders with their funny eyes all in the wrong place, and grinning skates flopped on the wet deck; but nobody seemed to care for common fishes. The search was for scarce and uncommon specimens or things that might be useful for study and investigation. One man wanted polyps for his museum; another wanted fish-eggs for the study of embryology.

Meanwhile the steamer had steamed ahead for a mile, and the huge trawl was dropped again in the green water, and the boat drifted slowly backward, scooping up more treasures from the bottom. Four times the net was emptied on the deck and zoölogic treasures were fished out of the tangled mass of shells and stones. Altogether over one hundred different kinds of fishes, shell-fish, sponges, and other varieties of sea-life were counted, and the best examples were put in alcohol to be carried home to the museums.

This dredging was really in comparatively shoal water. The same trawl has often been used in water many hundreds of feet deep. In such deep-sea dredgings strange and wonderful forms of fish-life are brought up from the eternal night that dwells under the Atlantic. The object of this trip of the Fish-Hawk was to show to our little party of students and teachers of zoölogy how the United States Fish Commission studies the fish-life of our coast.

Naturally, it might be asked why the Government keeps this expensive steamship in commission? Is it merely to let the Zoölogist poke about over the floor of the sea? That is precisely the point. Once we had abundant fisheries everywhere. Now fish are scarce and high. We give the Zoölogist a steamship and let him go fishing, because he is a man of science. He studies on this boat fish-life. He learns the secret of fish habits, their breeding times and places, their foods, and their enemies. He collects facts, and facts are money. Science deals with exact things—with things as they are. And from these facts he decides what is best for the fisherman to do. For instance, he learns that the smelt breeds in the early spring, and he says to the legislators, Pass a law forbidding any one to catch smelts in spring. Give the mother fish a chance to rear her family, and next year smelts will be plenty. You have been killing all the little mothers. It is no wonder the fish are scarce. He says that we must help the shad by artificial protection. We must raise millions of little fish, and then big fish will be plentiful again. The man of science maps out the floor of the sea, studies the supplies of fish food, studies the temperature of the water, points out in what seasons fish are plentiful. He studies fish-life that it may be more abundant and that we may not, as we have done in the past, waste the wonderful wealth that comes out of the sea.

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For the Little People

'Coose Me, Kitty

By Mary F. Butts

"'Coose me, Kitty," Willie said,
When suddenly he saw
Poor pretty little Tigerette
Nursing her hurt claw.
"I'm very sorry, 'deed I am,
'Cause, Kitty dear, you see,
I wouldn't like a drate bid giant
To come and step on me."

When you are cruel to your pets,
Fred, Tom, or Nell, or Sue,
Bethink you, darlings, how you'd like
The same thing done to you.
Remember Baby Willie's words,
As gentle and polite
As if the cat could go to school,
Could talk, and read, and write.

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How the Little White Seed Became a Big Yellow Pumpkin

By Mary Reynolds

He made lovely golden pies at the end of his life, and seemed to be perfectly satisfied with himself and the world, if one could judge by the jolly broad smile that shone on his round face. Yes, literally shone; for, now that he was hollow, a lighted candle turned him into a lantern, with mouth, nose, and eyes cut on the bias, like a true Chinaman's.

"The lov'yest lanting of all," said Carita, blissfully.

As I said, this was at the end of his life, which was a very short one.

The beginning began with so many discouragements and so much bewilderment that the little seed thought he had better die without trying to be a "punnikin," as the children called them.

Each child—Mary, Jimmy and Billy (the twins), and little Carita—had a plump white seed given them to plant in their gardens and train up into a big Thanksgiving pumpkin.

The biggest was to take the prize.

The three older children carefully tucked their seeds into the ground on a nice sunny slope, but Carita turned her sunbonnet towards the fields back of the house to the "far-away" gate.

Now, Carita was tiny and shy, with red hair, freckled face, and turn-up nose, and held herself aloof from the other children. She had two "inimate fwends"—Maggie, the cook, and a long-legged, sad-looking little turkey that had been almost pecked to death by his cruel relations.

Grasping her seed in a very dirty little hand, on she ran, singing to herself a rhyme she thought altogether charming:

And under the pine
Grew a punnikin vine.

Carita did not like sun, and of course her punnikin would prefer shade, so she would plant hers under the pine-trees by the big gate.

"C'rita 'll do somethin' queer, I bet," said Billy. "Last year she put her seed in boiling water 'cause it felt so cold, and she'll lose this one, sure."

The little seed was almost crushed in the hot little hand, and seriously thought it must be meant that he should root there, for some of Carita's mud pies clung very tight to her palm.

Twice she fell down, once almost mashing her seed, another time losing him; but the turkey found him and would have gobbled him up had Carita not snatched him away.

Now, sunbonnets have "siders" that keep off the sun beautifully, but they also keep off any view of happenings to the right or left. So Carita did not know that the grandfather of all the turkeys had skipped over the fence and was getting ready to fight her and the little turkey too. The first sign of his awful presence was a tremendous "Gobble-gobble, gobble-you!" in her very ear. She turned to flee with outstretched hands, dropping and forgetting her pumpkin-seed, which the old gobbler would undoubtedly have swallowed had not his beak been well occupied in pecking his hated grandchild.

"My turkley, o-owo-o; my littkle turkley!" shrieked Carita, trying to flap off the monster with her sunbonnet.

Maggie was gathering vegetables in the garden, and, hearing the noise, rushed, with a stick, to the rescue.

Behind her sheltering skirts fled Carita and the little turkey, while Maggie gave the big one such a beating that his wings fell, his tail drooped, and he made long stretches for home.

Yes, beat him, the grandfather of all the turkeys! while his wives, his children, and, worse yet, his irreverent grandchildren, sat solemnly on the fence and gobbled at him.

Not for long; a few pecks from his beak made them change the subject; but for many days the old gobbler kept out of the back field and was very, very cross. Meanwhile the scared little seed fell into a nice soft hole, and in the scuffle some warm earth fell down and hid him from sight. And then he was *so* tired that he fell fast asleep.

But that meddlesome old fellow, the Sun, would not let him sleep as long as he wanted, and sent long, golden fingers to stir him up from his nap. One day, before he was really wide awake, the seed found he had little green hands of his own that pushed back the soft earth from his face and gave him a look at the lovely blue sky and the sun smiling good-night to him.

It was nicer than in the ground, and he made a great jump and found a part of him outside, while a part stayed just underneath to draw more food from the earth.

Then the wonderful little green things spread out into leaves, and as the sun kept on smiling and pulling him along with his golden fingers, he found himself a vine trailing on the ground and some distance from home.

These things were very astonishing, but the vine's duty seemed to be to grow so hard that he had no time to think about it all.

Then lovely yellow flowers grew out once in a while—real yellow, like the sun.

Another wonderful day, and near those flowers came out a little hard green knob, that pushed itself on with might and main. It grew and grew.

Now it was no longer round, but oval like an egg, and one end was slender and had a quirk in it like a little pig's tail.

Then the old vine began to shrivel daily and die; but the pumpkin grew as fat as he could, then lay still and turned yellow.

Summer was flying fast, and the sun came up every day with a gray mist over his face, when one of these days Carita, Maggie, and the little turkey took a walk through the back fields, and almost fell over the big pumpkin.

"My patience!" said Maggie. "Where'd *you* come from?"

"It's mine! It's mine!" shrieked Carita, hugging and kissing it. "I spilled him the day the big turkley gobbled me up!"

She was too excited to do more than beg Maggie to hurry home, call grandpa, Aunt Martha, and the children; which Maggie did, leaving Carita hugging the "punnikin," while the lonesome turkey stood guard on his long thin legs.

He looked hungry always, and eyed the fruit as if wondering how it might taste.

They all came, and agreed that the pumpkin must be Carita's, and it was the biggest ever seen.

Grandpa was really glad to have the question settled, for Mary's, Jimmy's, and Billy's were all provokingly the same size! Every afternoon Carita visited her punnikin.

If she thought the day hot, she fanned it with her sunbonnet; if cold, she rubbed it and spread her skirts over it; and one rainy day Maggie found Carita, the turkey, and the pumpkin all huddled up under a very small and very old parasol.

The day "Mr. Punnikin" was wheeled in by the gardener, Carita covered him with red leaves, and trembled when he was lifted out into the cellar.

She watched him through pies, and saw them laid away for Thanksgiving dinner.

Then came Uncle John's knife to cut his face up into a Chinaman's. Aunt Martha put a real horse-hair pigtail down his back, and he beamed celestially.

The "punnikin lantings" lighted up the dinner-table, and every one pronounced them charming. When Carita said grace, the twins nearly disgraced themselves by giggling aloud.

"For what we're 'bout to receive, ve Lord make us twuly fankful; 'speshully my lovely punnikin pies," she added, with grave fervor.

The neglected turkey was back in high favor as soon as the pumpkin pies were made, and Carita wanted him invited in to dinner.

Aunt Martha thought it might hurt his feelings to see so many of his relatives cooked and eaten, so he stayed out on the fence, while the moon rose high, and no one knows what he thought of it all.

❀

Guessing

I.

I'll give you three chances
To guess what I 've seen.
The first was a preacher
In brown and in green;
The second a vase to hold rain-drops that fall;
The third lives on nothing—
Now what are they all?

—

Your first is so easy
I could not but guess.
'Tis Jack-in-the-pulpit
In brown-and-green dress.
The second's a pitcher-plant
Wet with the dew.
I've seen plenty of them,
And that's how I knew.
The third is the air-plant—
You're wrong to declare
That it lives upon nothing:
Its food's in the air.

II.

And now come my riddles:
You've heard, I don't doubt,
Of a sailor whose boat
On the sea floats about.
The second's a builder
In wood and in clay.
The third is a spinner:
Now guess—what are they?

—

The nautilus sails in his boat on the sea,
And so I am certain the sailor is he.
The beaver builds houses of mud and of wood,
And that is your second. 'Tis well understood
How a spider spins traps for the poor silly fly,
But not to be caught by your riddles am I!

—*St. Nicholas.*

❀

He Knew

Our geography boys and girls will appreciate the following story from an exchange:

The teacher in geography was putting the class through a few simple tests.

"On which side of the earth is the North Pole?" she inquired.

"On the north side," came the unanimous answer.

"On which side is the South Pole?"

"On the south side."

"Now, on which side are the most people?"

This was a poser, and nobody answered. Finally a very young scholar held up his hand.

"I know," he said, hesitatingly, as if the excess of his knowledge was too much for him.

"Good for you," said the teacher, encouragingly; "tell the class on which side the most people are."

"On the outside," piped the young boy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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The Life of Christ

XVI.—The Evolution of the Kingdom[1]

By Lyman Abbott

It is a mistake to say, as sometimes has been said, that Jesus Christ, or that Paul, was an evolutionist, for the word evolution is one of modern origin, and indicates a purely modern form of thought. But I believe it is profoundly true that the teachings both of Jesus Christ and of Paul are not only consistent with the modern doctrine of evolution, but are best interpreted by using that doctrine as a clue in the study of those teachings. By the doctrine of evolution, as applied to spiritual truth, I mean that the kingdom of God does not come suddenly, with observation, and by a series of miraculous interventions; but gradually, by an orderly process, from small beginnings to large results, from lower and simpler forms to forms that are higher and more complex. If any one supposes that the doctrine of evolution means that this growth, either in the physical or the spiritual realm, is without opposition, antagonism, disappointments, deteriorations, decay, I think he misunderstands the doctrine of evolution. However this may be, it is clear that this growth, as Christ interpreted it, has to meet such opposition and has to suffer such disappointments.

Whether the parables which are collected in the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, to which also one should be added from the fourth chapter of Mark,[2] were all spoken at one time by Jesus Christ, and constituted practically one discourse, or were spoken at different times and have been gathered together by Matthew because they have one and the same theme running through them and connecting them, it is not important here to inquire; they certainly are thus connected by one theme, and it is with that theme that we have to do to-day. That theme is the evolution of the kingdom.

The kingdom of God, then, as Christ interprets it to us in these parables, is like a seed cast into the ground which groweth secretly, the sower knoweth not how. This is the first truth in these parables. Whether in the individual, in the church, or in the community, spiritual life is a growth. It did not in the Bible burst full-orbed upon humanity at Mount Sinai. The doctrine of the Trinity was not revealed in the creation when God said, "Let *us* make man in our image." The consummation of the moral law is not embodied in the Ten Commandments, which forbid the grosser infractions of the social order. The revelation of God in Christ Jesus is clearer than the revelation on Mount Sinai, and the ideal of human life in the example of Christ Jesus is a higher ideal than that contained in the Ten Commandments. The Bible is the history of the growth of a seed; the history of a dawning light. The light is clearer in the Psalms of David than in the laws of Moses; in the prophecies of Isaiah than in the Psalms of David; in the teachings of Christ than in the prophecies of Isaiah. That which is true of the Bible is true of the individual soul. It does not come into the perfection of spiritual life at conversion; it is to grow both in grace and in knowledge, to learn more of God and of life, to be both wiser and better as it is older. And that which is true of the individual is true of the Church: for its ideal it is to look, not backward, but forward; it is to run a race, and the goal is before it. The nineteenth century is wiser and better than the sixteenth, and the sixteenth century is wiser and better than the fourth. It is true that Jesus Christ is always the ideal both of the individual and of the Church, but it is also true that both the individual and the Church are to grow up into Christ Jesus, and are to continue to grow until they come to a perfect manhood in his likeness.

And this growth is accomplished by human endeavor; it comes of seed-sowing. The common statement that time cures all things is not true. Time cures nothing. Time only gives us an opportunity to do something for the sick and the sinful. It is only as the sower went forth to sow in the first century, it is only as other sowers have gone forth in the centuries which have followed, holding the same seed in their hand and casting it into the furrow, that the harvest of righteousness can grow. And how it grows depends alike upon him who sows and him who receives, upon the seed and the soil.

Nor is this growth of the kingdom without opposition. There are evil seeds as well as good ones; enemies to righteousness as well as friends of righteousness. There is an evolution of wickedness as well as of virtue; a progress of decay as well as of growth, and the end of that progress is death. So, as the world grows wiser and better, it also grows wiser and wickeder. Genius furnishes instruments for war as well as for peace; selfishness assumes new and more skillful forms; oppression, vanquished in one guise, reappears in another. Not only are there tares in every wheat-field, but the same sun and the same rain minister to both, and both grow together. Is the world growing better? Yes! and also worse; for better and worse go together side by side.

The growth of this kingdom is not to be measured by the littleness of its beginnings. Who could have guessed Christianity by looking into the manger at Bethlehem, or the Reformation by seeing Luther studying the chained Bible in his monastery, or Methodism from the little band of derided students at Oxford, or New England, and the greater New England overspreading the Northwest, from the Mayflower? The seed indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it has grown it is the greatest among herbs.

Because this growth is twofold, because it must meet with hostility, therefore agitation is the condition of it. Like a seed in the ground is the kingdom of God, but it is also like yeast in the flour. The Prince of Peace comes bringing a sword and calling for war. Virtue and truth have nothing to fear from agitation. Agitation is the sign of life. It is always falsehood which seeks to repress free discussion. It is always iniquity which demands to be let alone.

But the end of this battle will be worth all that it costs—all that it costs to the individual of self-sacrifice, all that it costs to the community in blood and treasure. Protestantism paid none too high price in the bloody persecutions of the seventeenth century for liberty of thought. The Puritan was well paid for his expatriation; the free and united Nation is worth the price we paid for it in the Civil War. Liberty, righteousness, purity, truth—these are indeed treasures hid, but worth to him who discovers them all that he has; bought oftentimes only at a great price, but never at a price too great.

In God's kingdom the process of seed-sowing and the process of harvesting are one. Spring and autumn overlap one another and constitute a strangely commingled season. The plow which opens the furrow, the hopper which drops in the seed, the hoe which cultivates the grain, and the cradle which gathers it, work as one instrument. To change the figure, time, like a great net, is gathering us all in together to the eternal shore, small and great, good and bad, living and dead. When the growths are finished, when the wheat has come to its head, and the tares also, when men have made their choice between the earthly and the heavenly treasure, when the processes of time for good and for evil are completed, then will come the judgment with its tremendous issues, the good gathered into vessels, the bad cast away.

The great, true socialism of the future, the great thing that is going to make us all work together as the generations pass by, is the mutual need and the assurance that, for such vast work as has got to be done in this world before all shines perfectly with true luster, God is going to require service of every man with every other man; and all true serving men are brethren. And the work that any of us do is so great, and the work that any of us do is so little, that we may well join hands in doing it, and never question which is the strongest, if we can only be one in the brotherhood of united souls.—*Phillips Brooks.*

[1] Bible Study Union Lesson No. 17. International Sunday-School Lesson, Fourth Quarter, No. 8 and 10. (November 25 and December 9.) Mark iii., 19-35; Luke viii., 4-15—xi., 14-36; Matt. xii., 46-50—xiii., 1-53.

[2] Mark iv., 26-29.

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Books and Authors

Trilby[1]

It is an astonishing feat when a trained artist writes a novel of high quality, but it is much more astonishing when a man in middle life turns aside from a work in which he has achieved distinction and quietly puts forth a novel characterized by an ease and grace denied to all save the greatest works of fiction. For two decades and more Mr. Du Maurier has been delighting the readers of "Punch" with his graphic and telling hits at English society—the drawings and the legends which they illustrate having almost always wit, refinement, irony, or satire. Suddenly, without warning to the outside world, Mr. Du Maurier laid down his pencil, took up his pen, and wrote "Peter Ibbetson," a story of singular directness and literary charm, and as far removed as possible from the atmosphere of its author's work as a satirist of manners and the times; and now comes, in quick succession to its predecessor, a second and still more striking story. Under these circumstances, entirely apart from its own intrinsic interest, it is not surprising that "Trilby" has excited more curiosity and evoked a warmer praise than almost any novel of recent years.

That praise is justified by more than one quality in the story. One aspect of the Paris of the sixties has never had a more vivid and atmospheric portrayal than in "Trilby." Mr. Du Maurier was an art student in the brilliant city in those days, and Mr. Marks, Mr. Armstrong, and Mr. Poynter shared the labors and the joys of his studio. Other men who have since risen to the first rank in their profession were also companions in that golden time of promise, when the world shone in the vision of these gifted youths, and Paris was not great enough to hold their ambitions and dreams. It was a life of hard work and exacting ideals, mitigated by constant gayety and by those inexpensive pleasures known in Bohemia but scorned in Philistia. There were devoted friendship, loyal co-operation, uncalculating *camaraderie;* there were endless walks and endless talks; there were the gay and changing life of the boulevards, the morally careless freedom of the Latin Quarter, the excursions, the little breakfasts and dinners at cafés where prices were low but appetite immense; there was the old-time and all-time fascination of the most brilliant city in the world.

George Du Maurier

Into this circle Mr. Du Maurier not only bids us welcome but actually installs us; we do not look on, we participate. It is the secret of the extraordinary charm of this story that it does not appear to be a story; it has almost no marks of artifice; it hardly appears to have been planned; it affects us as a record, kept in the simplest and most informal way, of certain very interesting events and persons. It is as if we had entered the studio from time to time unnoted, and seen the Laird and Taffy and Little Billee painting away for dear life, or smoking their pipes and talking about art, books, Paris, London, the picture shows. Those who know the group of English artists who were in Paris with Mr. Du Maurier in the golden days of the sixties find "Trilby" full of autobiographic touches; and it is said that a very promising young painter, who died in the early morning of a career full of the auguries of genius, is very vividly recalled by certain qualities in Little Billee. However that may be, it is certain that the story has the charm of reality in an extraordinary degree. The simplicity, the complexity, the gayety, and the pathos of life are in it. It is a life, however, very different from that with which most men and women who will read the story are familiar; a life as much out of the common as Trilby herself. For that very reason it is a story of fascination, and ought to be read especially by the serious-minded who have reduced life to a few sharply defined categories, and fondly imagine that that is all there is of it. Student life in Paris is a life by itself, especially that of the students of art; a life which ventures into Bohemia a long distance from the coasts thereof, and takes pleasure in the extent of these excursions. It is a life of great interest, variety, and zest; a life full of intellectual and animal spirits, with a vein of paganism running through it, and a vein also of something worse than paganism. In "David Grieve" Mrs. Ward made a bold and brilliant sketch of that life, with a distinct and definite ethical judgment at the end. In "Trilby" Mr. Du Maurier gives us the sketch done to the life, but—and this is the serious defect of the book—without any ethical conclusion.

It would not be easy to find a more wholesome, loyal, and companionable group of men than the three English painters whose fortunes are so intimately bound together in this gay, winning, pathetic chronicle of the Paris Bohemia in the sixties. And when Trilby makes her appearance in the studio, and Svengali's magical music is heard there, all the elements of a drama of the deepest interest are present. On the moral quality of this story, especially in connection with Trilby herself, editorial comment was made two weeks ago. The character was in all respects a difficult one to draw, and Mr. Du Maurier's genius has given no clearer illustration of its reality and resource than in the impression of coherence, consistency, and charm with which he has invested this extraordinary woman. We may disapprove of her as much as we choose, but we are as powerless to resist her as was Mrs. Bagot. For she has the charm of an original and spontaneous nature; she is both ignorant of convention and, until she comes to moral self-consciousness, indifferent to morals; but she has devotion, ardor, freshness, freedom, and loyalty beyond calculation. Her voice reveals her character in its immense and elemental sweetness. At the beginning she reminds us of Camille, but she is a far better woman, and we soon part with the impression. If the character was difficult to draw, the motive which underlies the last half of the story was even more difficult to work out. A good many readers will question the soundness of artistic judgment which not only introduced this motive but made so much depend upon it; but concerning the skill with which it is handled there can be no difference of opinion.

The charm of this story is elusive, but it is not difficult to discover. It is the charm of that which is familiar, intimate, and natural; the charm of the wild flower and of the bobolink and thrush. There is nothing professional about "Trilby," nothing "literary" in the conventional sense of the word. The story conveys the impression of having written itself; there is a careless ease about it; an air of indifference to literary traditions and proprieties; a kind of childlike simplicity and good faith. This is not only very captivating, but it is also very fine art—the art which conceals itself. The story ripples along without effort, at times almost without direction, like an easy-going brook; but what marvelous pictures of shore and sky are in it! This ease of mood, this absence of strain, affectation, effort, reveal a true artist at work, and fill us with gratitude and joy for something simple as nature and as refreshing. One is often reminded of Thackeray, but rather by the ease and frankness of the novelist than by any similarities of manner or theme. For already Thackeray seems almost

[1] *Trilby: A Novel.* By George Du Maurier. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.75.

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old-fashioned in his motives, while "Trilby" is in every way the distinct creation of the last decade of the century. Our admiration for the literary qualities of this novel, which, if it does not rise to the first rank, takes easily a first place in the second rank, increases our profound regret that its moral quality is not equal to its literary quality, and that its fascination will make it a dangerous book to the uncautioned reader.

In Old New York [1]

For the reader who is not himself a New Yorker the most interesting chapter of "In Old New York," by Mr. Thomas A. Janvier, is the opening one, "The Evolution of New York." It is something short of a third of the book, and tells how, in about two hundred years, New York grew out of a temporary stockade, built in 1614 to protect the Dutch when they landed to trade with the Indians, to be a city of 166,000 inhabitants, with potentially the same threefold equipment that it has to-day to control commerce —the Erie Canal to reach the West, Long Island Sound to reach New England, and the Atlantic Ocean to reach the South and the world. The story of this evolution is a constant and curious reminder that New York did not escape the rawness of frontier development, which we have come to think of as distinctively Western. Turning to the morals of New York after about fifty years as a settlement, we find Chaplain John Miller describing it as made up of drunkards, gamblers, and scoffing atheists—a good picture of a modern mining camp. Turning to a minor matter, that of "booming" the town on paper, we find that a practical commission, early in this century, actually plotted New York as far north as One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, almost as it exists to-day. This, Mr. Janvier notes, is "precisely what we are laughing at the people of Chicago for causing to be done to their city now." On these same "boom" commissioners must be placed the responsibility for the "checker-board lay-out" of New York's streets. Their "Bœotian programme" of right angles and straight lines, when "the very contours of the land suggested curving roads," was deliberately chosen, as Mr. Janvier shows from their report, made about 1811. This truly Philistine document declares that "a city is to be composed principally of the habitations of men, and that straight-sided and right-angled houses are the most cheap to build and the most convenient to live in." Those who do not remember back to 1825—how many of us do!—will be interested in the details of the opening of the Erie Canal, which Mr. Janvier gives at some length. The start of the first flotilla of canal-boats from Buffalo was announced by the firing of a cannon, guns at regular intervals taking up and passing along the signal, the last gun in New York saluting the ocean in one hour and twenty-five minutes after the original salute in Buffalo. The triumphal progress of the flotilla, with Governor Clinton and Gouverneur Morris on board, occupied a fortnight. Its appropriate culmination took place in New York Bay, with much nautical pomp, when the Governor poured into the salt waters of the Atlantic a libation brought from the fresh waters of Lake Erie.

Thus in a graphic way does the book refresh our memories of important events in recent history—oftener forgotten, sometimes, than remoter history—while it contains a wealth of strictly local lore, gossipy chronicles, quaint incidents, antiquarian discoveries, and curious facts. Among these last may be mentioned, for example, that "Love Lane" once ran right by the present site of the bachelor-frequented Union Club; that Vauxhall Garden, the universal resort of gay New York fifty years or so ago, stood where now stands the solemn Astor Library; that Wall Street owes its name to certain breastworks hastily erected in 1653 to scare off New Englanders; that Bowery Lane was so called because of the farms, or *boueries*, thereabouts. The book is characterized throughout by a gentle irony and humorous charm of treatment which remind one of Thackeray's moralizings at their best. The illustrations, too, which are numerous, are spirited and satisfactory. So quaint are some of the modern bits that one is tempted to fancy himself in some foreign city and not in New York at all.

[1] *In Old New York.* By Thomas A. Janvier. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.75.

It seems quite clear to the average scholar that any constructive work now done on the Old Testament is in serious danger of being premature. The text of the Hebrew Scriptures is so far from being settled, and our knowledge, at its best, of the Hebrew language is so defective, that there is little foundation upon which to build. Nevertheless, we have before us two new books, from entirely diverse schools of theology—the one, *Old Tabernacle Theology for New Testament Times*, by R. Braden Moore (Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia), and the other, *Back to the Old Testament for the Message of the New*, by Anson Bartie Curtis (Universalist Publishing House, Boston); and these two books represent well enough the two totally irreconcilable tendencies of Old Testament studies. The former book is determined to see nothing in method or in results of historical criticism that it can accept. The whole temper of the work is summed up in the last sentence of the book, and this sentence is properly italicized: "*God's word is truth, and Moses spake and wrote as God directed.*" This may be taken as a form of "the original autograph" theory. Only upon some such ground could the author build up his elaborate symbolical interpretation of the Old Tabernacle, as a foundation of his dogmatic theology. Dogma based on such a foundation is open to question. Also it is quite mediæval and quaint. The validity of its argumentation demands the assumption that every sh'va is absolutely certain, and that we know more of the Hebrew tongue than we have any right to assert that we know. The next book is more promising, for the Universalist professor is somewhat more open to the conviction that scholarship forces upon a candid and truthful mind; but he bewilders us a little by the rapid way in which he skims over wide reaches of learning. We are always thinking that we are just about to get at some positive bit of learning, or at some fresh and strong piece of thought, when the writer goes on to the next premise. Yet there is much in these pages to indicate that Professor Curtis has looked at some of the books to which he refers; he does not appear to have digested them. He runs over the *Summa vestigia rerum* in the jocund fashion of a "popular" lecturer. We think that his discussion of the Old Testament literature relative to an Atonement system and to sociology is unscientific in treatment and wanting in thoroughness. As for the rest, there is matter of value in the latter part of the book. Seminary students may find the references and the appreciations of recent books useful.

The eighteenth *Year-Book* of the Elmira Reformatory contains in the reports of its Board of Managers and its General Superintendent what may perhaps be regarded as a defense against the charges which have been preferred and are now undergoing investigation. These reports are not in the form, it is true, of a defense, yet they contain the substance of one. The Reformatory is overcrowded, and the removal of the lower grade of prisoners to the State's prison is necessary unless the doors of the Reformatory are to be closed to new prisoners whom the courts wish to send thither. The arrest of prisoners on parole without trial is not a deprivation of liberty without due process of law, because the parole prisoner is not discharged, but is only allowed tentatively a larger liberty in order to test the reality of his reformation. The monitor system, by which prisoners of an advanced grade are themselves employed to report on the conduct of prisoners of a lower grade, is valuable as a means of preparing for self-government in the future, and is carefully guarded against injustice by provisions requiring every accusation to be made in writing, and by giving an opportunity for trial of the accused before a competent and impartial court in every instance. The Reformatory prisoners are by no means specially hopeful cases. Fully 45 per cent. of them have been previously under charge of offenses against the law; 68 per cent. were on admission practically illiterate; and 92 per cent. were reared without the restraints and benefits of good home surroundings. Nevertheless, under the disciplinary methods of the Reformatory, from 70 to 80 per cent. of the prisoners give satisfactory evidence of permanent industrial reform. An interesting contrast with West Point is suggested. From 30 to 40 per cent. of the cadets graduate from West Point and get their commission, leaving from 60 to 70 per cent. unable to do so; while from the Reformatory from 70 to 80 per cent. graduate as honest citizens, leaving from 20 to 30 per cent. who prove unresponsive to moral and disciplinary influences. The necessity for compulsory discipline by paddling or spanking is insisted upon as a necessary method, not for keeping order in the prison, if that were all that was required, but for developing orderly and

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self-governing citizens out of the sort of material of which the Reformatory community is composed.

We take up Dr. David Allyn Gorton's new book, *The Monism of Man, or the Unity of the Divine and Human*, and we find in its thought a complement to Mr. Ward's propositions, referred to last week. Dr. Gorton has an original way of his own, which will please neither the physical scientist nor the traditional theologian. This is often the fate of original thinkers. Dr. Gorton seeks for a psychology which will be consistent with both nature and supernature, human and superhuman. These two antitheses or sides he reduces to one and identity, by holding, if we understand him, that nature is supernature, and the superhuman is human; that the divine is the normal, and the undivine the abnormal and diseased, condition of man. This reduces pyschology to physiology. Somewhere the author says that inspiration comes from below the diaphragm. This theory brings all questions of morals and of religion into the domain of medicine, and largely simplifies the problem of social amelioration. We detect in all this the voice of Jacob, though the feeling of the hand be Esau's. That is to say, this work seems to be the psychological and sociological application of Hartmann's Philosophy of the Unconscious. It is a brilliant and highly interesting book, but mystical in its materialism, and deeply skeptical. Without attempting to meet his arguments *in extenso*, we still think that the data for a belief in the dual nature of man are sufficient and not yet refuted. Nevertheless, there is in Dr. Gorton's book much that should claim the earnest attention of students of sociology; and we know that the methods of education used in one great reformatory institution are based upon principles like those which are enunciated in this work. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Meyer's book on *Scarabs: The History, Manufacture, and Religious Symbolism of the Scarabæus in Ancient Egypt, Phenicia, Sardinia, Etruria, etc.*, is a work replete with curious and unusual learning. The sacred scarab of the Egyptians was simply a beetle, which was worn by every one as an amulet and a symbol. This symbol was carved out of stone or molded of paste or clay, and signified the "rebirth, resurrection, and eternal life of the soul pronounced pure at the psychostasia." Mr. Meyer fortifies his assertions with copious extracts from the *Per-em-hru*, or Book of the Dead. He also gives, by the way, much interesting matter, and among the rest, the ancient Egyptian psychology. In brief, they held man to be composed of (1) *Khat*, the body; (2) *Ba*, the responsible soul; (3) *Khu*, the intellectual soul; (4) *Khaibit*, the shade or "astral body;" (5) *Reu*, the personality; (6) *Ka*, the animal life; (7) *Sahu*, inanimate body or mummy; and (8) *Ab*, the heart. While the *Ba* soul went to the ghost-world, the *Ka* soul hovered near the *Sahu* or mummy. In case of annihilation the *Khu* soul was reabsorbed into the Deity. The student of ethnic religions will find much of value in Mr. Meyer's book, but the reader will constantly regret the typographical errors that mar the pages. There is not probably in any language so complete a treatise upon the subject as Mr. Meyer has given us. (Edwin W. Dayton, New York.)

The Middle Ages are the key to present-day law, politics, social life, and literature. The period has been little understood. Hallam made the first serious attempt at giving the people a true concept of the times, and his work is now almost obsolete. It is only within the last lustrum that it has been made possible to write the history of the Middle Ages in France and Germany. Mr. Ernest F. Henderson, whose "Select Historical Documents" we noticed last winter, has written a short *History of Germany in the Middle Ages*. It is a history of the politics rather than of the people. It is an outline rather full and precise. Mr. Henderson has studied well his material, and has produced a book that may be relied upon. His style is not beautiful, but is rapid and clear. His power of condensation is considerable. It is easily seen that the Hohenstaufen dynasty has particularly interested him. He gives much space and sympathy to that sturdy stock. With Boyce's "Holy Roman Empire," this work will be an excellent introduction to the study of mediæval Germany. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

It is difficult to convey a just impression of Arthur Kenyon Rogers's *The Life and Teachings of Jesus: A Critical Analysis of the Sources of the Gospels, with a Study of the Sayings of Jesus*. The writer has insight, and he has critical acumen with a modicum of reverence, or at least an earnest desire to get at the truth; but he indulges in the purest conjectures. In his idea of the kingdom of heaven being the core of the Gospel of Jesus he is undoubtedly right, only he allows too little for the ethical and social results which Jesus intended. Touching the authenticity of the recorded sayings of Jesus, we have to say that, in some of the cases Mr. Rogers instances, the discrepancies are more apparent than real. A close study of the text reveals agreements where the versions suggest contradictions. The constructive part of this book is more suggestive, stronger in fact, than the critical portion. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

One of the most helpful and suggestive of the books of last year relating to the Christmas season was the little volume issued by Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, *The Sistine Madonna: A Christmas Meditation*, by the Rev. Dr. A. H. Bradford. No publication relating to Christmas had a more distinct spiritual quality than this meditation, which was also pervaded by a fine literary quality. The demand for the little book has brought about the publication of a new edition, very attractively bound in cloth, with holly decorations in ink and a gold side-title. The completeness of the book is secured by the introduction of a very fine autotype photograph of the Sistine Madonna as a frontispiece. Rubricated rules and the eminently tasteful and appropriate printing of the De Vinne Press give this little volume a touch of artistic beauty.

Literary Notes

—Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written more Jungle Stories for "St. Nicholas."

—Mr. R. D. Blackmore's new story, "Mount Arafa," will be published serially.

—The Vatican authorities have placed Zola's "Lourdes" upon the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum."

—"The God in the Car" is the singular title of a new novel by Anthony Hope, author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," which the Appletons have in press. It is said to be a "story of the time."

—A new volume of letters by James Russell Lowell is coming out in London under the title of "Mr. Lowell in England: A Series of Familiar Letters." Mr. G. W. Smalley has edited the letters and written an introduction.

—Of the two books on which Mr. R. L. Stevenson is now engaged, one, "St. Ives," is described as almost solely a novel of incident and adventure. The second, "Weir of Hermiston; or, The Lord Justice's Clerk," is a story of character and tragedy.

—Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have now completed the publication of the "Ideal Shakespeare," perhaps the daintiest form in which the work of the great poet has been given to the public, at least in this country. In typography, binding, and general convenience and good taste, this edition well deserves its name.

—Miss Beatrice Harraden is at work on a new story, the subject of which she has not indicated. It will contain several California chapters. She has been asked by the "Century" to write a serial, but refused. "I do not like serials," she said. "It is a bad arrangement for both author and reader. The effect of the story is lost when it is read by piecemeal, through several months. The reader is disappointed or loses interest, and the writer is misjudged."

—A writer in the Springfield "Republican" quotes certain remarks of the London "Athenæum" about Mr. Howells's "Americanisms," and pertinently adds:

> But what are these shocking "Americanisms" which so offend the fastidious ear of the "Athenæum" in Mr. Howells, who has been said by an eminent critic to write the purest English of all writers since Hawthorne? One phrase objected to is "eyes expressing a vast contemporaneity, with bounds of leisure removed to the end of time." It is to be presumed, in absence of evidence to the contrary, that "contemporaneity" is the word here branded as an Americanism; but Mr. Howells at least sins in such good company as the historian Rawlinson, who doubtless picked up his American slang at Oxford. There is also alleged to be some American taint lurking in "the drip of fountains like the choiring of still-eyed cherubim." It is hard to tell whether reference is to "choiring," which is used, we are pained to say, by many less fastidious Englishmen, among them Canon Farrar, or to "cherubim." In the latter case the old English psalter is guilty of shocking Americanism when it says: "And he stegh [ascended] over cherubim." Perhaps—who can tell?—the old English psalter was the inventor of Americanisms. Or, if not, Shakespeare may have been a guilty party in this case, with his line "Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins"—where, to be sure, he spelled both words differently, and gave another sort of eye to his "cherubins." Shakespeare is undoubtedly caught in the Americanism "to glass itself," which also troubles this stern champion of English undefiled. The poet may have learned it from his friend Walter Raleigh, who may have picked it up in Virginia with his other nasty American habit. Then that other American poet, Lord Byron, makes use of the phrase in the noble passage,
>
> Thou glorious mirror where the Almighty's form
> Glasses itself in tempests.
>
> "Minify," which the "Athenæum" takes to be an Americanism, was used by Southey, who, to be sure, had sad democratic leanings, and came near founding a colony with Coleridge in the wilds of America, on a Utopian plan worthy of "A Traveler from Altruria." As for "gracile ease," do we not have Rossetti's
>
> Where in groves the gracile spring
> Trembles with mute orison,
> Confidently strengthening?

[For list of Books Received see page 559]

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The Religious World

The Unitarians at Saratoga

The National Conference of Unitarians has just been held at Saratoga, and the proceedings, of which we publish an account elsewhere, indicate that Unitarianism is still a vital force in the religious life of our land. The claim made by the Council in its report, that the number of Unitarians in the United States greatly exceeds the number of enrolled church members, is undoubtedly true. The Unitarians put comparatively little emphasis on formal church membership and on the observance of the sacraments. Indeed, several churches of the order have dispensed with the Lord's Supper altogether. The growth of the body is a little in excess of the proportionate growth of the population. The chief feeders of the ministry of the churches are the Divinity Schools of Harvard College and Meadville, and the immigration of ministers from other denominations. In reading the account of the proceedings of this Conference we are impressed with the relative lack of missionary spirit when compared with other religious bodies. This is, of course, in harmony with the Unitarian belief that a distinctly Christian belief is not necessary. They emphasize what they would probably call the essential Christ in all religions, and see his presence wherever there is high, pure, and noble conduct. The action of the Conference concerning the lynching of colored people was wise and temperate. All other religious assemblies in our land ought to take similar action, until Christian brotherhood, instead of being a mere mockery, becomes a recognized reality. The most important question to its members which came before the Conference concerned the revision of the constitution, in the interests of simplicity and larger liberty. What was feared might be a cause of serious contention was, because of the wise forethought and conciliatory spirit of the committee, adopted with enthusiasm and unanimity. The preamble distinctly says, "These churches accept the religion of Jesus," etc. We have sometimes heard it said that the Unitarians would sooner or later give up the name Christian. We do not believe that any such action will be taken, and do not see how it can be while such Christians as Edward Everett Hale, Robert Collyer, Francis G. Peabody, Theodore C. Williams, and many others of like spirit and service remain to lead the thought and life of the churches which rejoice in their heritage from such other Christians as W. E. Channing, E. H. Sears, James Freeman Clarke, Andrew P. Peabody, and George William Curtis. Widely as we differ from the Unitarians in many and most important particulars, we gladly express our appreciation of the service which their churches have rendered to the cause of sound learning, pure morals, better government for municipalities and the Nation, and also of their tireless efforts in behalf of the oppressed classes of our land.

Bishop Potter's Address

The one hundred and eleventh Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New York met on last Wednesday morning at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue. Its only non-ecclesiastical action of general interest was the passage of certain very cautiously phrased resolutions on the subject of temperance, commending "all proper efforts now being made to further the cause of temperance," and for a clause recommending personal abstinence substituting another approving the work of the Church Temperance Society. The opening address of the Bishop, however, is of very wide interest. Bishop Potter followed his usual custom in selecting timely topics and speaking in such a way as to leave no doubt concerning his meaning. He is one of the strongest forces in the religious life of New York; consequently whatever he may say is received with attention not given to many speakers. In the work of the churches in the city he urged greater simplicity of ecclesiastical organization and a continuance of the enlargement of its down-town work. He urged with great effectiveness the danger of the lawless spirit in our times. On this subject we suggest the spirit of his address by culling a few sentences from it:

> We have come upon a time when there is a profound impatience of restraint and an eager demand for a larger license. In the home the law of a wise parental rule threatens to shrivel into the ghostly *simulacrum* of its earlier and diviner forms. In the State we see a wide impatience of existing sanctions of every kind. And in the Church we see the demand for a larger liberty pushed to limits which make the obligations of our most solemn vows wholly indifferent when set over against an individual opinion.
>
> At the basis of our social structure, as the oldest of earthly institutions, is the family. I do not think I shall be challenged if I say, nevertheless, that of all human institutions it is that which to-day has the feeblest hold upon the popular imagination. . . . The vice of all communistic systems is that they deal with men, not as individuals, but in masses, and that they end in expecting to make society better, rather than the men, the women, and the children who compose it. It is a captivating theory of regeneration, for it is so much easier than any other; but, like most easy things, it is ineffectual.
>
> And, as with the transformation of the family, so of that social order which we will call society, or the State. . . . Impassioned utterances in the interest of the masses as against the classes is one thing; essentially erroneous teaching in regard to the issues that divide them is quite another. There are unjust combinations of employers, a veritable tyranny of capital, profound indifference to the hardships of the man of scanty wage and scantier privileges.
>
> I have myself more than once called attention to these things. But it is a very different thing when the pulpit or the religious teacher becomes the advocate and defender of a new social philosophy which perilously misconceives the problem of which it proposes the solution. . . .
>
> A visionary economical project will not become practicable because it is labeled Christian. No amount of morality can confer value upon goods for which there is no market. Wages, it has been said, ought to determine prices, and not prices wages. It seems to have been forgotten that prices are but the convenient registers of the ever-varying desires of men, and that the claim to fix wages by an ethical standard, independently of the market, really involves the assertion that human desires can be and ought to be unalterable in direction and constant in extent.

The Minister and Social Questions

Bishop Potter, in speaking of the relation of the minister to social questions, makes other remarks worthy of serious consideration. We have ventured to differ with him in regard to two points in his recent address; it gives us much pleasure to commend the following extracts from the same address:

> Let it be clearly stated that there are such things as unjust combinations of employers, a veritable tyranny of capital, profound indifference to the hardships of the man of scanty wage and scanter privileges.
>
> I have myself more than once called attention to these things in terms which some of you may have thought unnecessarily strenuous. I should still maintain it to be not only my right, nay, my duty, to do so, and that of every other minister of Christ. But it is a very different thing when the pulpit or the religious teacher, passing on from his own province of rebuking things that are evil, becomes the advocate and defender of a new social philosophy which perilously misconceives the problem of which it proposes the solution.
>
> The religion of Jesus Christ is here in the world to mitigate the hardships which arise out of the seemingly inexorable operation of the laws of nature, whether they are laws of trade or of disease or of death. But it is not here to dismiss them out of existence, whether by arbitrary lawmaking or Anarchistic violence. Our duty to the social fabric, yours and mine, dear brethren, is not to pull it down because its existence seems to us to involve certain intolerable hardships, but to make those hardships tolerable, as even the hardest labor and the sorest privations may be made tolerable, by an inexhaustible sympathy and a never-tiring helpfulness toward all within our reach.

It is surely possible for ministers to denounce evident and unquestioned wrong-doing without at the same time committing themselves to crude and ill-digested plans of social reform, the evil of which would very likely be greater than that which they are condemning. Christ's teaching concerning brotherhood, and his denunciation of selfishness, can be given fullest emphasis without committing the pulpit to theories which as yet give little promise of real relief to the evils of our social order. Indeed, the question may well be asked and carefully considered, whether the evils themselves are not rather the result of maladministration than of the order itself.

Religious Services at Columbia College

We have received, and perused with much interest, a statement concerning the religious services to be held during the coming year at Columbia College under the direction of its Chaplain, the Rev. George R. Vandewater, D.D. Addresses are to be delivered on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and we judge that the attendance is voluntary. The Chaplain gives notice that he will be in his room for two hours on certain days of the week to talk with any who may desire to converse with him. The subjects for the academic year are published in full. For the first term they are: "The Six Great Faiths of the World; namely, Brahminism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Judaism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity." During December there is a series of nine Advent themes. During January the general subject is "Paul's Reasoning with Felix." The February subjects are practical, and have special relation to the difficulties and duties of young men. In March most of the topics are suggested by the parable of "The Good Samaritan." Another class of topics later in the year is grouped under the general heading, "After College—What?" The whole list is full of

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suggestion, and cannot fail to be of benefit to the students. The work of the Chaplain of a college in a large city must be much more difficult than in one differently situated, but Dr. Vandewater has certainly taken hold of his duties with wisdom and zeal, and the result ought to be manifest in a higher and nobler type of Christian manhood among the students.

Conscience in Cleveland

The action of the Presbytery of Cleveland in dismissing the Rev. William Knight to the Congregational Association of Saginaw is worthy of more than a passing notice. Mr. Knight had protested against the course of prominent members of Presbyterian churches in Cleveland, who, he declared, rented their property for saloons and other immoral purposes. He submitted to the Presbytery specific evidence in support of the charges which he made. In granting his letter of dismission, the Presbytery recognized the fidelity of Mr. Knight, justified his course, and with clearness reasserted the utterances of the General Assembly concerning complicity with such forms of wrong-doing. Concerning such evils the Presbyterian Church has taken a decided stand. They would soon disappear if all other Churches would do likewise.

General Booth in America

The next few months will probably witness lively times in the Salvation Army on this continent. General Booth, the founder of the Army, has just arrived in Canada, and will spend the next six months in visiting the large cities of the two countries. He will be in New York about October 20, and a great open-air demonstration will probably be held in Union Square October 22. On that evening there will be a meeting of welcome at Carnegie Music Hall. On the 23d General Booth will speak on his social schemes. After traveling over the country the General will return to New York in time to attend the opening of the new headquarters of the Army before he sails for home. General Booth is now about sixty-six years of age, and has lived to see himself become, from an obscure country evangelist, the leader of the most novel religious movement of modern times. He will undoubtedly have a great reception on this side of the water. The purpose of the tour, he is reported to have said to an interviewer in Canada, "is to inaugurate a great revival movement throughout America. I will make a general inspection of the Army work in each district, and cheer up and encourage all. Councils will be held, new methods and plans for the advancement of the work suggested, and the more general inauguration of the social scheme urged." General Booth will receive the welcome which he merits, not only from the members of the Army, but from hosts of others who with him are working for the coming of the kingdom of God.

The Religious Situation in Japan

The Rev. H. S. De Forrest, D.D., missionary of the American Board to Japan, has written an exceedingly interesting article on the present situation in Japan for the September number of the "Missionary Review of the World." Dr. De Forrest says that what he has to say can be gathered about three words—*Anti-foreign*, *Anti-Christian*, and *Anti-missionary*. These three tendencies are evident in the life of Japan. He says that the one great cause of the so-called anti-foreign sentiment is the fact that treaties which were never meant to continue in operation more than five years—treaties which deny to Japan the tariff and judicial autonomy—are still binding on the nation. These were adopted in the old times, but now the nation has become so civilized that the ex-territorial system should be done away with, and the power to control their own tariff restored to the people. There seem to be two parties—the Diet and the Cabinet; the Cabinet favoring foreigners, and the Diet opposing them. But Dr. De Forrest says that there is no such national anti-foreign feeling in Japan as in China. While the constitution of Japan guarantees religious liberty, he says that it is undeniable that the departments of education and of war discourage acceptance of the Christian religion. Buddhism is also exceedingly active, and has adopted almost all the methods of the missionaries. The Buddhists have started religious papers and Young Men's Buddhist Associations, and are about to start Buddhist Summer Schools, and even to adopt something like the Christian marriage ceremony. This Buddhistic influence is the strongest force against Christianity. Dr. De Forrest also shows that the native churches are becoming what he calls anti-missionary; by that he means that they are growing independent, and feel themselves competent to make their own creeds and their own forms of government. They will not consent to be under our denominational names. Formerly the missionaries led in all great movements; now the native Christians lead. Formerly the missionary publications were the most prominent; now those of the native Christian writers are taking the first places. Formerly the missionaries were at the head of all the educational movements; now the natives are leading. Missionaries of ability and exalted character are honored as much as ever, but more than formerly there is a demand that only the best men should be sent to represent Christianity in that field. On the whole, we think the article of Dr. De Forrest exceedingly encouraging. The Buddhist activity shows that Christianity is making headway which the old religion must resist, and the independence of the native people is only what ought to be expected when Christianity is allowed to do its work.

The Japanese Estimate of the Value of Missions

Dr. De Forrest's article to which we have referred in the above paragraph contains a passage which we wish to quote in full. When he and Mrs. De Forrest were leaving Japan a public meeting of farewell was held. At that meeting an address was delivered by the editor of one of the large dailies in northern Japan, who spoke as follows: "The message I beg you to bear to the people of America is this: Christian missionaries have now been working here a full generation. There are hundreds of men and women who have brought half a million dollars annually here to establish Christian schools and churches. And how much have they accomplished? Really, when we see that they have gained only a few tens of thousands of converts, we can only be sorry for them, and must call their work a failure. And yet, look all over Japan. Our forty millions to-day have a higher standard of morality than we have ever known. There is not a boy or girl throughout the empire that has not heard of the one-man, one-woman doctrine. Our ideas of loyalty and obedience are higher than ever. And when we inquire the cause of this great moral advance, we can find it in nothing else than the religion of Jesus."

Advertising Church Services

One of the most striking contrasts between the way in which religious work is done in England and America is in the advertising of church services. With us there is quite a strong sentiment against the general announcement of preachers and topics. When one passes by our churches there is usually nothing to indicate the denomination or the pastor, and such a thing as a placard making special announcement of the services of the following Sunday is almost unknown. If any church presumes to adopt perfectly proper means for attracting the attention of non-church-goers, the cry of sensationalism is instantly raised. In England all is different. There, where the sentiment of reverence is more generally cultivated than in the United States, all denominations freely advertise their services, not only in the newspapers, but still more by huge placards and posters placed where they are sure to attract the attention of passers. Perhaps the most aristocratic Presbyterian congregation in England is that which worships in the Sefton Park Church in Liverpool, whose pastor, the Rev. John Watson, is a man of extreme culture and fineness of manner. In front of his church is a large bulletin-board, on which are the name of the church, the name of the pastor, and details of all the services, and recently there was a large printed notice informing the public when the pastor would resume his ministry. That church is not exceptional. On various churches in England one finds posted the name of the preacher, and usually also the subjects for the following Sunday's sermons. This is not done in a sensational style, but so as give to them wide publicity. The plan keeps the public informed in regard to the work of the churches; it attracts many who would not otherwise attend; and it is a recognition of the duty of the churches to reach the people. Why should places of amusement do more to win the people than the church?

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The Unitarian Conference

By Edward Everett Hale

The National Conference of the Unitarians met at Saratoga on Monday, September 24, and was in session until Thursday night. About two hundred and fifty churches and nearly fifty other philanthropic societies besides were represented. The progress and success of the missions of the Unitarian churches in the last five years have been gratifying, and a large meeting was expected. The expectation was more than fulfilled.

The Unitarians are the fanatics of Congregationalism, and not a man or a congregation of them would tolerate the least interference from the outside in the management of any church. But they found out thirty years ago that if they meant to make any attack on the "common enemy" they must have more union for this purpose, and so this Conference was formed, just as the Civil War came to an end—actually on the day when Grant entered Richmond. Its Constitution says that the Conference is "purely advisory." This was a necessary concession to the grim old Puritans, of whom there are plenty left, of the Brewster and Winthrop and Dudley type, who would take up almost any arms against any body which should assume the right to carry its advice into action. All the same, the unanimous advice of several hundred delegates, of several hundred churches, would, of course, be respected by any missionary society or publishing board which expected to get much money from these churches. So that, in practice, the Conference has a good deal of working "power."

It proved, very early in its history, however, that its transactions were very entertaining, and the people who arrange them have always had a theory which gives a considerable variety to the topics introduced. Thus, for the three days in which the Conference sits, the outline theory is, that the first is devoted to its missions; the morning of the second is devoted to the consideration of what is generally called the religious life of men—their relations to God; and the third is given to some stern present question of practical philanthropy. To lead in these questions they bring forward their best men. The evenings are given to missionary meetings, intended, as one of their old phrases was, to "energize and stimulate the body." The consequence of programmes, as attractive as these have generally been, is that great numbers of men and women from the Unitarian churches attend these Conferences who are not sent as official delegates. A single country church will send twenty or thirty of its members to the Conference, or they go, although only three of them have the privilege of voting. The Conference, like all other Congregational bodies, is indisposed to put any predominant power into the hands of the clergy, and each church sends two lay delegates as well as its minister. In practice, fully half the lay delegates are women.

The "National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches," therefore, takes the form and spirit of an old-fashioned yearly meeting of Quakers. It resembles that much more than an Episcopal Congress, or a meeting of the American Board, or a meeting of a National or State Presbytery. The critics are constantly saying that it is "a biennial picnic;" but anybody who knows the working of the Unitarian body knows that the Conference, as Dr. Hedge once said, "reveals the Unitarian Church to itself."

Charles Lowe, a Secretary of the Unitarian Association, had the wit and forethought to suggest that Saratoga would be a good place for the meetings. This was more than twenty years ago. Saratoga can receive three thousand people in an afternoon, and make them comfortable before an hour has gone by. Three years ago the Conference passed a vote urging the Saratoga people to build a large hall for the convenience of such meetings. Our readers should remember that the Unitarians have some difficulty in securing a large place for a meeting in any city in which they have not a large church. They have twice been invited into the Methodist church of Saratoga, and twice have been told that they must never come there again.

I was the Chairman this year of the Executive Committee or "Council," and, finding we had the right to use this great hall, I suggested that we should hold a Sunday service there, on the day before the meeting of the Conference. I was the first person, therefore, to face the difficulty, which at once appeared, of a series of echoes in that enormous hall, very painful to the speakers, and much more painful to the hearers. It brought up the memory of an old story of Dr. Sparks. When he had been preaching in a church where the echoes were bad, one of his good-natured parishioners said, "Dr. Sparks, I like that sermon; I always liked that sermon; I've heard it three times now." Poor Dr. Sparks replied, with some annoyance, "You never heard it before. I wrote that sermon last week." "But I heard it three times this morning; once from you, once from the dome above, and once from the wall behind."

It is in connection with this now famous hall that the humor of the Conference came in. On Monday morning I was summoned in hot haste, as Chairman of our executive, to meet the village Trustees and the Executive Committee of the State Democratic Convention of New York, and I learned that that Convention was called at the same hall at twelve o'clock Tuesday, when we should be in the full blast of our missionary reports. Everybody acknowledged and understood that this was by a miserable mistake. The hall was ours; it had been granted to us by the authorities; but some over-zealous authority had told the Democrats that they should have it, and on the strength of this announcement their great annual Convention was summoned at the same place. The gentlemen of their committee, with the greatest courtesy, begged us to relieve them. "You can go into a church," they said, "and we cannot." To which I should have been tempted to say that in New England we like nothing better than to hold our political meetings in our meeting-houses, and that we consider them a part of our religious scheme. But the gentlemen who had this matter in hand had it in their power to say that their Convention would not be a convention unless it met at that place, where it had been called, and that they should have to hold it on the steps if it did not meet in the building.

Now, as I have intimated above, this would be but a very slight matter to almost any other religious body. For almost any other religious body there would be a church. We have been turned out of so many churches in our day that we are delicate about asking for the use of any church. It was in this exigency that the Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, with courtesy which I like to acknowledge, admitted us into their convenient and spacious church, while the Democratic Convention organized itself.

When Monday evening came, we saw our constituents for the first time thronging this immense hall. Dr. Peabody, of Cambridge, preached, our custom being to open the Conference by a sermon on the first evening. This is one of the sermons which no person who heard it will forget. It is from the Saviour's direction to people who had been fishing in shallow places: "Put out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." The figure of the text was carried all the way through the thoughtful discussion. The duty of the Church to-day, in meeting the sentimental agnosticism of the learned and in meeting the coldness and aversion of the poorest and most ignorant, was forcibly presented, and no one could go home without seeing how the whole genius of Christianity appeals to the true man to leave the shallows of introspection, in which he asks questions about his own life, and to address himself to his duties on the Infinite Ocean.

It is our custom to introduce the working day of these conferences with the communion service. It is a service which becomes especially majestic when it is attended by thousands of persons; and it seemed to me, as I have said, that it had an interest, in a great hall already dedicated to politics and to business, which it might not have under St. Peter's dome. So soon as this service was over, the Hon. George F. Hoar, of the United States Senate, the President of the Conference, addressed it. It was the vigorous plea, grave and logical, of a Christian layman, on the value of the parish organization—what it has done and what it can do—and of the duty of every Christian man to sustain it.

After this the Conference adjourned to the Presbyterian church, where we heard our various reports on the administration of the last three years. The outlook for our work is, as I have said, very encouraging. In face of the hard times of last year the contributions for all missionary purposes have kept up to the regular mark. The increase in the number of our churches, as always, is rather more rapid than the increase of the population of the country, although the emigration to America brings very few avowed Unitarians into the country. Of course the individual churches are increasing in numbers all the time. But we are not people who rest on statistics much. What gives us more interest is the certainty that the active Christians of this country think more and more of religion, and less and less of dogmatic theology. We are well convinced that the practical creed of the average man is a Unitarian confession. We have quite done with attacking Calvinism, because we cannot find that anybody sustains it. So far as we have anything to attack now, it would be ecclesiastical systems which give to a few the control over the consciences of the many.

Each day began with a special devotional service of a familiar character. The papers of the second day were devoted this year to the subject of Regeneration. Two careful papers were read, one by Dr. Slicer, of Buffalo, and the other by Mr. Francis Lowell, a layman from one of the Boston churches. It was at the end of the second morning's meeting that the committee on the revision of the Constitution presented its report, and the hours that followed were of the greatest interest and enthusiasm.

It should be understood that in the course of thirty years this body of fanatic Congregationalists have once and again tried their hands on their own Constitution, always with a terror on all sides that any individual conscience should be wounded. At any moment, if the whole Constitution had been thrown into the fire, and nobody had known it, the body would have gone on in its work just as well without it as with it. But that is not the habit of the American mind. Agassiz said once that in Europe, if five scientific men met for discussion, they began by discussing, but that in America they would begin by forming a constitution; and this is perfectly true. I know of a local conference—in fact, I am the President of it myself—of which the constitution was made only after six months of study and consideration, and then unanimously agreed to by twenty or more churches. By the blessing of God, this constitution was burned in the great Boston fire, so that no man living now knows what its articles are. That conference does its work exactly as well, because it knows that there once was a constitution, and that it is recorded in the archives of heaven, although it has no copy of the document and never will. But the National Conference has not been so fortunate, and accordingly, three years ago, arrangements were made for a revision. This revision, as suggested, was reported six months since, and was to be acted on now.

I need not say that so soon as this draft was printed, it awakened great dissatisfaction. Not to say that two or three hundred gentlemen of clerical training had in their pockets as many constitutions which they had written themselves, which they would have been glad to suggest for this great body—every Christian man and woman had the feeling that he could do this thing more to the purpose. Your readers must understand that the Unitarian Church is committed to only two things. The first is that

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it is an organic branch of the Church of Christ; and the second is that nobody shall define its Christianity. You will see, if you look on it from the literary side, that the union of these two postulates in the same instrument is difficult; and that difficulty has been felt for thirty years. So was it, as I say, that the report of the revised version met with great dissatisfaction. The Conference had met, with a large body of its delegates, particularly the lay delegates, absolutely determined that nothing should be done in the change of a constitution which had answered perfectly well in practice for thirty years. There were also, I suppose, the *doctrinaires*, who may have had constitutions in their pockets, drawn up from historical or on theological grounds—I do not know. I do know that there were four different statements in print, with any one of which I should have been perfectly well satisfied, but which were supposed to represent different habits of thought. What was interesting was to see that the laity, by a great majority, did not wish to have any change made, and also that the younger men in the ministry—those who have begun work within the last fifteen years—had an avowed and confessed scorn for the whole business of revision. They looked on it a good deal as the Saviour looked on the counting of jots and tittles.

Now, it is an interesting thing in the history of Congregationalism to be able to say that when a couple of thousand people had met on Monday evening, with as many diverse views as I describe, what with a large informal meeting in the ball-room at the United States, where everybody could say what he wanted, and where votes could be taken to test the numbers attached to different prejudices, there grew up after twenty-four hours—the good God in his omniscience knows how—a statement of purpose and origin which satisfied everybody. I do not mean that it satisfied people because it was a compromise. I am yet to meet the first person who does not consider it a great improvement on the Constitution as it existed before. All you can say in explaining this is that the old statements were theological and that this statement is religious. Probably a good deal may be inferred from the fact that the essential parts of this statement are in the words of Scripture, while the language of the old statement was marred to some ears by unscriptural language, which savored of the cant of other communions. However it is, this is certain, that when I presented the new one in Convention, and when different gentlemen spoke to it, it was received with absolute enthusiasm. A delay was ordered that it might be printed, and then at a fixed time in the afternoon the Conference met, probably every individual being present, both of the real delegates and of the onlookers, so that the great hall was crowded. When President Hoar put the question, a unanimous "Aye!" given with awful emphasis, replied. I say "unanimous," because, when he asked for the "Noes," the silence was that of death. I have known no speech so eloquent as that silence. Then the assembly sprang to their feet even, with applause and cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, which was only hushed when Dr. Peabody led them in singing the doxology. The name of the Conference was not changed. Very rightly, the conservative members attached to it great importance. And when I say that this more than harmonious decision was the result of a discussion from which many persons had prophesied the division of the body, you will understand how important it is to us.

It may be added here that in our conventions there is never any lack of people who like to be literally alone in a minority. That no such person should appear here is the most striking feature in the declaration of accord.

The revised article reads:

The Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches was formed in the year 1865, with the purpose of strengthening the churches and societies which should unite in it for more and better work for the Kingdom of God. These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man. The Conference recognizes the fact that its constituency is Congregational in tradition and policy. Therefore it declares that nothing in this Constitution is to be construed as an authoritative test, and we cordially invite to our working fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our spirit and our practical aims.

Article I. The churches and other organizations here represented unite themselves in a common body to be known as the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

The third day's meeting was distinguished, I suppose, from any other religious meeting which was ever held in America. The Council had named, as the "practical subject" now of most importance in the social improvement of America, "The Relations between the Catholic and Protestant Churches." This was on the theory that the most important forces against vice and crime and sin—against the devil, if people will permit themselves to use that word—are the forces of the Catholic Church and those of the Protestant Churches, and the accompanying feeling that these forces are now acting without much knowledge of each other and with a certain distrust of each other. It was supposed, therefore, that a frank conference might be of value. Judge Robinson, of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, a leading Catholic layman, and Father Conaty, the distinguished temperance advocate of Worcester, Massachusetts, very kindly consented to furnish papers written from the Catholic point of view; Mr. William P. Fowler, the Chairman of the Overseers of the Poor of Boston, and the Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, the editor of the "Christian Register," read papers on charities and on education, and on the work of the two Churches in those interests. They are both Protestants, and are regular delegates of the Conference. Indeed, all four papers awakened to the utmost the curiosity and interest of a vast assembly. The enthusiasm with which Father Conaty was received, in his description of the work of the Catholic Church in temperance, showed how deep is the determination of all thoughtful people that the domination of the saloon shall come to an end. But, to speak on a subject even wider than this, the intense interest of the whole morning showed that what our American Christian people want is a practical discussion of present practical duty, and that this has a vital interest which no other line of subjects can claim.

Each evening the Presbyterian Church or the Convention Hall has been crowded with listeners to vigorous platform speeches from clergymen or laymen who have had great moral interests at heart. The result of such addresses is undoubtedly a stimulating of separate churches and an awakening of separate consciences.

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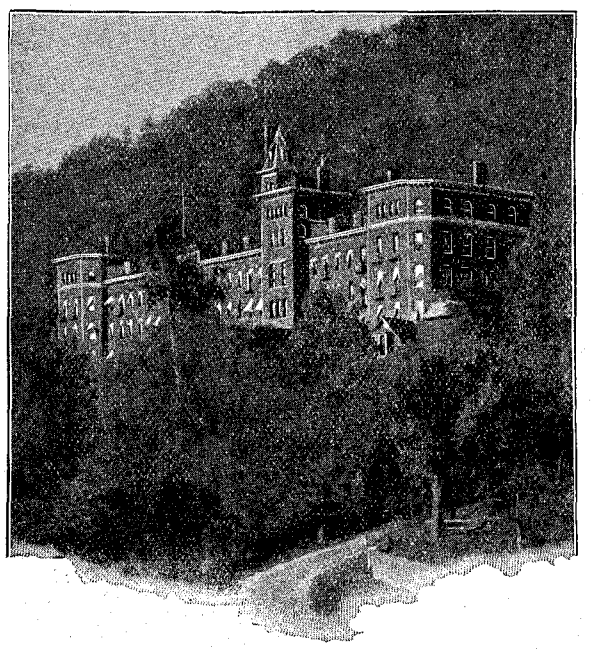

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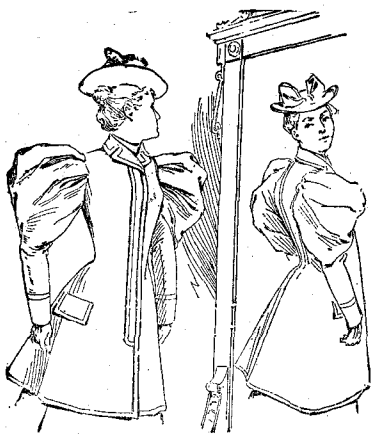

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Frederick Maurice

The "Contemporary Review" contains an interesting article on the Rev. Frederick D. Maurice, from which we quote:

"Not capital, or labor, or land, or goods, but human relations, lie at the root of all social reforms. All questions between employers and employed are to be solved in that way. Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; what is right and just and loving and fair between man and man; the discovery of that is the only solution of all these stormy questions."

Perhaps it is not always as easy as he assumes it to be to find out what is "fair" between man and man, but surely the solution of the difficulty would be nearer if we lived in the spirit he upholds.

The Rev. Mr. Haweis says that he once complained to Maurice, soon after entering the ministry, "I do not feel as if I had got hold of God."

"No," said he, "you have not got hold of God; but he has got hold of you."

Some of his lighter sayings will long be remembered by the friends who loved him, and who found him so human and so entirely "like folks." He once plumped down on a sofa which had such effective springs that they sent him bounding up and down; it seemed the very lap of luxury.

"Dear me!" he said, turning to his friend, with a twinkle of humor in his eyes, "this is a most soft and comfortable sofa. It makes one feel quite like a dean!"

His estimate of people was always interesting and often very keen. His reference to Carlyle as one "who believed in a God who lived till the death of Oliver Cromwell" can scarcely be surpassed for truth and satire.

Of Mill, who seemed to have all knowledge save that pertaining to the existence of God and the certainty of immortality, he said:

"The circumference of his thoughts is enlarging continually. I wish they had a center!"

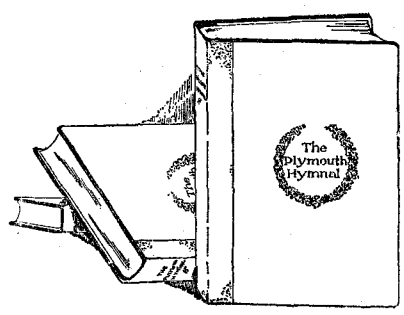
His friend goes on to say of him: "It was the vivid Christ-life in Maurice, who would sometimes remain all night upon his knees in prayer, that moves us irresistibly. It was the knowledge that he had been with Jesus that helped us in our infirmities."

The Seven Wonders of Korea

Korea, like the world of the ancients, has its "seven wonders." Briefly stated, they are as follows: First, a hot mineral spring near Kin-Shantoa, the healing properties of which are believed by the people to be miraculous. No matter what disease may afflict the patient, a dip in the water proves efficacious.

The second wonder is two springs, situated at a considerable distance from each other; in fact, they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities—when one is full, the other is always empty; and, notwithstanding the fact that they are connected by a subterranean passage, one is bitter and the other pure and sweet. The third wonder is a cold-wave cave—a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind from the cave is such that a strong man cannot stand before it. A forest that cannot be eradicated is the fourth wonder. No matter what injury is done to the roots of the trees, which are large pines, they will sprout up again directly, like the phœnix from her ashes.

The fifth is the most wonderful of all. It is the famous "floating stone." It stands, or seems to stand, in front of the palace erected in its honor. It is an irregular cube of great bulk. It appears to be resting on the ground, free from supports on all sides, but, strange to say, two men at opposite sides of a rope may pass it under the stone without encountering any obstacle whatever. The sixth wonder is the "hot stone," which from remote ages has lain glowing with heat on top of a high hill. The seventh and last Korean wonder is a drop of the sweat of Buddha. For thirty paces around the temple in which it is enshrined not a blade of grass will grow. There are no trees or flowers inside the sacred square. Even the animals decline to profane a spot so holy.



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The Plymouth Hymnal

EDITED BY LYMAN ABBOTT

It is faultless typographically, but there are many publications nowadays of which that can be said; but it is only of one publication of which it can be truthfully said that it is the best of its kind in the world. Such is the claim that can be successfully made for the Plymouth Hymnal. Those who have had the opportunity of turning over the leaves of the numerous hymnals of different denominations have often wished that the great hymns and strong tunes, a few of which are in this book and a few in that, could be all brought together between two covers. That is exactly what Lyman Abbott has done in this admirable volume. The great hymn writers are all here represented at their best, and the same may be said of the great tune writers.—*London* (Ont.) *Advertiser.*

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About People

—The Rev. Thomas T. Stone, of Bolton, Mass., is the oldest living alumnus of Bowdoin College, having graduated from that institution in 1820.

—Announcement has been made of the approaching marriage of Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Crown Prince of Denmark, to Prince Frederick of Schaumburg-Lippe.

—An official list of women who are lighthouse-keepers, which the Government has furnished the New York "Marine Journal," shows that there are twenty of them in all.

—The Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D.D., author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," celebrated with his wife, on Sunday, September 16, the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding. Dr. Smith will be eighty-six years of age on October 21, but his heath is good and his pen still active.

—Bishop William Boyd Carpenter, of Ripon, England, is the court preacher. A story is told of him that when he was asked how he managed to address so exalted a personage as the sovereign and yet maintain his composure he replied that he never addressed her at all. He knew there would be present the Queen, the princes, the household, the servants, down to the scullery-maid. "And," said the Bishop, "I preach to the scullery-maid, and the Queen understands me."

—Queen Margherita of Italy had a narrow escape from a tragic death the other day. She was crossing a glacier under the Matterhorn, and was fastened by a rope in the usual way with the guides and her other attendants. One of the latter, Baron Peccoz, who led the line, suddenly fell dead of heart disease, and the whole party were dragged by the weight of his body to the edge of the precipice. The Queen behaved with remarkable courage and presence of mind, when she might well have been excused for womanish agitation.

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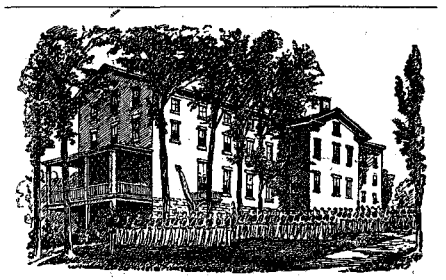

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The Business World

The September Commercial World

The month of September has been of great moment in the business world. Its early gains in wheat were more than lost at the end, the lowest record being made last week, when October options sold in New York at 54⅞, and September in Chicago at 50½. The available stock is about fifteen million bushels greater than a year ago. Another lowest record was made last week—namely, in the New York cotton market, the November option selling down to 5.97 cents a pound. In the Carolinas good middling brings only 5⅞ cents, and many farmers fear that the price may fall to five cents before the season ends. The great corn crop, however, will perhaps in some degree compensate them for the low price of cotton. By far the most encouraging feature of the month has been in the railway traffic statements. Over August, 1893, increases in net earnings for the corresponding month this year were reported by the following roads: Chesapeake and Ohio, $10,000; Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, $16,000; Western Maryland, $19,000; Wabash, $122,000; St. Paul, $185,000; and Pennsylvania, the gratifying statements of $504,000 on the Eastern and $269,000 on the Western division. The increase of earnings in almost every railway system, however, is significantly shown in the report for August of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy road: "Gross earnings, $2,934,143; decrease, $142,153; operating expenses, $1,602,216; decrease, $348,119; net earnings, $1,331,927; increase, $205,966." *Comment is unnecessary.* The showing of the coal roads has been bad; indeed, the "Wall Street Daily News" says that one of the best companies in the coal group "for two-thirds of the year, ending August 31 last, paid three dividends, aggregating $1,181,092, together with two-thirds of the interest, rentals, etc., which left a deficit of $1,105,890." The New York Central, after declaring its usual quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent., shows a deficit for the quarter from the corresponding quarter last year of $90,000. Such a course may be justly criticised as in direct contradiction to proper conservatism; and yet, when the question of retrenchment is considered, stockholders are entitled to some share in the savings. As might have been expected, "sugar" and "whisky" have continued to absorb one-half the dealings on 'Change. The bears have been greatly encouraged by the declining tendency of these and other so-called "Industrial" securities. When will people learn not to place confidence in enterprises about which they know nothing?

The September Financial World

Though September Clearing-House payments have been a twelfth more than for the corresponding month last year, they are nearly a quarter less than two years ago. Call money has remained at 1 per cent. In time loans there is not the slightest inquiry for thirty-day money, as borrowers get all they want on call; rates, therefore, are from 2 per cent. for sixty days to 3 per cent. for five months. The demand is fair only when contrasted with previous stagnation. Of course the supply has remained unstinted. Rates for mercantile paper have been from 3 per cent. for indorsed bills receivable to 4 per cent. for high-grade names. The reserve held by the New York City banks above legal requirements is now about sixty million dollars. Bank returns have been disappointing in not showing a greater decrease in cash resources and a greater expansion in loans. Unless this comes, it is useless to talk about the better employment of the enormous accumulation of idle funds. In addition to the depression to our securities by the uncertainty as to the Northern Pacific Railway, the dismay as to Atchison, and the opposition to the Reading's reorganization, the great features in the month abroad have been the advance in open market discounts in all the great cities and the continuance of Germany's absorption of gold from London.

England's Retrospect and Outlook

The returns of the British Board of Trade for the first five months of 1894 show a decrease in exports of 2 per cent., and an increase in imports of over 6½ per cent. As to the English money market the London "Economist" says: "One thing regarding the future of our money market appears to be pretty certain, and that is, that the amount of reserve held by the Bank of England is likely to remain considerably above the average of past years, and the discount rate to be proportionately lower, until the English investor has recovered from his recent shocks, and is willing to let his money be invested outside our islands. But this is hardly likely to take place on any appreciable scale for some time to come. Trade throughout the world will doubtless improve in due time, which will have the effect of utilizing a considerable amount of money now in our hands; but until the interest indebtedness of foreign countries can be set off by fresh borrowings, gold will tend to accumulate at home and bring about the result above stated, of a high reserve and low discount rate."

Gas Securities

The securities of gas companies seem to have acquired a new value in the popular mind since the panic months of last year, during which only one out of the eleven hundred gas companies in the United States, representing a capitalization of eleven hundred million dollars, was reported in default. This is a remarkable record when we consider that in the same year the stocks and bonds of a quarter of the railway mileage of our country either reduced or passed their dividends or went into the hands of receivers.

Iron or Steel for Tall Buildings

The method of constructing a large building, as nearly fireproof as may be, has totally changed within the past decade, and, as every one knows, the cage system is now used. A huge frame of iron or steel is erected and then is inclosed by walls of stone or brick. The pertinent question then arises, and is now being actively discussed, as to which is the more durable metal for the frame. Some interesting opinions are given in a recent number of the "Record and Guide." Mr. A. J. Campbell says:

"Architects and engineers have ignored one fact, that cast iron is very much superior to wrought iron or steel as against the insidiousness of rust. What I mean particularly about that is that in the rolled work there are seams, grain interstices, I call them, imperceptible to the naked eye with the skin of the rolls upon them, but susceptible to atmospheric action. There are mountains of proof of that fact. The difference with cast iron is that, if it rusts, it rusts entirely on the surface, unless it should contain a fracture or a blow-hole, or something of that kind. I consider that for bearing purposes, columns, posts, etc., to carry loads, cast iron is very superior."

Mr. F. C. Moore, President Continental Insurance Co.: "I am decidedly in favor of cast iron for all vertical supports of a building, columns, etc., for the reason that cast iron, as is well known, will not rust beyond the thickness of a knife-blade, after which, for some reason unknown, the process of oxidation stops and the metal seems to be secure from further invasion. Wrought iron, on the contrary (and possibly steel—although as to the rusting of the latter experts know little or nothing), is liable to complete consumption by rust, which is hastened if the iron is in the form of riveted construction. The rivets themselves are especially liable to destruction by rust if of steel. Inasmuch as all iron used in construction should be covered with some non-conducting material to protect it from fire, and inasmuch as, being covered up, the progress of rust cannot be detected, the use of wrought iron, especially in the riveted form, is objectionable. . . . I have laid stress upon the use of cast iron for vertical supports. It, of course, cannot be used for beams; but there is not so much danger from rust in beams, as the giving way of one or two beams would not produce a catastrophe such as would result from the yielding of a column."

Mr. William H. Hume: "I favor riveted steel construction, first, because in the built-up columns there is opportunity for inspection of the several parts before and while they are being put together, which is of course impossible in the case of cast-iron columns. An inspection can only be as perfect as the circumstances will admit, and the lessening of the opportunities, therefore, makes more probable the passing of defects, no matter how carefully the examination is made. My next objection is that in the case of cast-iron construction where bolts are used it is necessarily, to an extent, a rather loose construction; further, where the plates are put together there is danger of fracture of the parts, which, if overlooked, would weaken the structure. In the case of steel construction there is not only opportunity to inspect the plates before they are put together, but, with the riveted work, practically one girder is made from base to top, on the principle, to give an illustration, of a railroad girder placed on end. As to the one point that has been made in favor of cast iron, its superiority in resisting corrosion, I would call attention to the fact that we are yet without sufficient data to form an accurate judgment as to the life of iron, but I believe that if the metal is properly coated, as it should be before being incased in the inclosing walls that are built around the metal structure, there should be no trouble from that cause. With that one objection to steel in the matter of corrosion answered, it becomes simply a question of rigidity, and I think there is no doubt but that the riveted construction is much more substantial in every way than the looser form employed in bolting cast-iron columns together. The employment of cast iron is attended with some dangers that we all understand, and, in railroad bridges, has been followed by disastrous results. No modern engineer would now think of employing such a material in such a structure, and the same objections should hold to its use in our tall modern buildings as in a railroad bridge."

Buffalo

It is interesting to learn that Buffalo has now come to be the largest flour market in the world. In 1893 its receipts were 10,000,000 barrels. It is also the greatest coal-distributing center, and is the second grain port in the world. During the last ten years its coal business has nearly quadrupled and its grain receipts have increased 150 per cent. It is actually possible for a fleet to discharge two million bushels of grain at its docks and to be reloaded with coal within twenty-four hours. In consequence of the enormous expansion of its railway traffic (from which the Erie Canal has suffered greatly), Buffalo has also become the second largest live-stock market in the world, the average annual increase in cattle receipts having been over 50 per cent. during the past decade. While the receipts of iron ore have been doubling every year, Buffalo is still far from being a rival of Cleveland and Pittsburg in the iron industry. But, to come again to superlatives, there is no other market, save that of Buffalo, where one billion feet of lumber are handled in a single year and dressed for the building trades.

The Profitable Suez Canal

Whatever may be said about the small chances of Panama in comparison, the Suez Canal continues to make money for its stockholders at a prodigious rate. On a capitalization of nearly $40,000,000 at $100 a share, it paid in 1890 17 per cent.; in 1891, 21 per cent.; and 18 per cent. each in 1892 and 1893. This includes a reservation of 5 per cent. interest on the nearly four hundred thousand shares, with which interest the yearly payments are made on the redeemable obligations of the company, of which the total amount was slightly over forty million dollars. This makes the total cost of the canal $80,000,000. Last year the gross profit was about eight million dollars, or a net individual return of $14 per share, or, with the 5 per cent. interest on the bond reservation, $18. The shares which in 1875 Ismail Pasha was so anxious to sell to England for $20,000,000 are worth over four times as much to-day. During the year 3,300 vessels, with a tonnage of seven and a half million tons, passed through the Canal. The average time occupied by vessels in the Canal was twenty hours, but only sixteen hours of actual steaming.

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Notes and Queries

Will The Outlook gratify several readers who have been talking about the subject, by defining the terms *soul* and *spirit*, as in the phrase "body, soul, and spirit"? A. K.

Accurate definition is impossible, but those who believe in what is called the tripartite nature of man would reply generically that the body signifies simply the physical organization, the soul the social propensities and the lower phases of the intellectual life which man shares more or less in common with the animal, and the spirit, conscience, faith, and the higher affections, which differentiate him from the animal and connect him with God.

A clergyman of unexceptionable talents and character was recently the choice of a visiting committee from another church. As they were contemplating presenting him with a call, they received a letter from a prominent theologian, impugning his "doctrinal soundness." They looked in another direction, and the clergyman was not invited to the very promising field. The case is not singular or new. Is there any redress or protection when one has been thus unjustly injured? F. H. S.

Such injustice is not uncommon, though happily growing gradually less so. We do not think there is any redress. It is one of those injustices which is to be borne in patience. Christ warned his followers that they would be subjected to such wrong. The disciple, he said, is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord; and if Pharisees treated the Lord unjustly, it is not wonderful that they treat his disciples unjustly also.

I should like to know very much what reply you would make, if any, to a young woman, brought up in a strictly orthodox family, who should say of a gentleman, "He cannot be a Christian, for he is a Unitarian and believes that Christ was only a man." M. G. S.

We should ask her what she thought of the character of the early disciples of Christ before his resurrection, and before, therefore, either his divine character or his divine mission had been revealed to them, when they still thought him to be an earthly Messiah coming to found an earthly kingdom; and we should say to her that to be a Christian is not to entertain some opinion about Christ, but to be his loyal follower.

Can you tell me what history or other work treats quite fully of the social life in the American colonies? L. E. H.

Read the first volume of Professor McMaster's "History of the United States" and Alice Morse Earle's "Customs and Fashions in Old New England."

If "F.," who inquired about deaconesses, will send us his address, we will forward a pamphlet on the subject kindly sent by a reader.

If "J. H. T." will send address, we will forward a copy of "H. H.'s" poem asked for, sent for the purpose by "M. H. H."

Can any of your readers tell me where to find the lines beginning:

"Beside the dead I knelt in prayer,
And felt a presence as I prayed.
Lo, it was Jesus standing there;
He smiled—'Be not afraid.'

"'Lord, thou hast conquered death, we know:
Restore again to life,' I said,
'This one, who died an hour ago.'
He smiled—'She is not dead.'"

***

In The Outlook of September 29 there is a query as to a book containing a treatment of Christ's teaching as to human nature psychologically considered. This Dr. T. F. Wright endeavors to do in the book "The Human and its Relation to the Divine" (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia). G.

Can some one tell how and when the Hebrew name *Iacob* became the English *James?* and oblige R. D. M.

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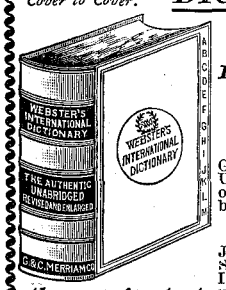
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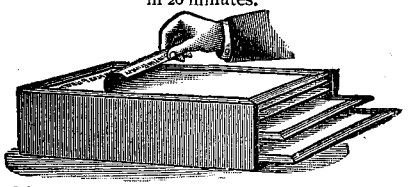

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Clinton Hall, Astor Place,
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The Daisy Fields Piano

On the 11th of last August The Outlook told its readers about "Daisy Fields," the little hospital for crippled children at Englewood, N. J., and how much it needed and wanted a piano. Just as The Outlook expected, its readers quickly and sympathetically responded and sent in, in various sums, contributions amounting to $163.26 for the piano. Besides this, $20 was also received for the general expense fund of the hospital. All of this money has been previously acknowledged save $1 received from H. McK., of Saratoga Springs, and 26 cents from M. C., of San Diego. One hundred dollars of this fund, added to the provision that had already been made, has put into the kindergarten room of the hospital a fine new upright piano; and what it means to those little children on crutches and in steel frames, only those who have heard them sing can tell. For one thing, it means better kindergarten work and gayety during the week, and more comfort and joy in the Sunday afternoon hymns. Mrs. Herbert B. Turner, the President of the hospital, in a note to The Outlook, speaks of the occasion when the piano was formally unlocked, opened, and installed in its work of good cheer, as follows:

Yesterday the crippled children of "Daisy Fields" gathered round their new Everett piano, the beautiful gift from the readers of The Outlook, and sang with all their might their kindergarten songs, followed by "Molly and I and the Baby," "Annie Rooney," "Daisy Bell," and "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow," till general merriment prevailed and all felt joyous at the prospect of untold happiness to come with the sweet accompaniments at hand. All the "Daisies" at "Daisy Fields" send thanks to their kind friends of The Outlook. Dr. Evans, the bass from the choir of Grace Church, New York, sang beautifully for us during the afternoon. He came to bring a small Jewish boy as a patient.

That piano, if it keeps its notes carefully, can give some cheering testimony as to the actuality of Human Brotherhood! There it is, sharing in a work in which Jews and Christians, Protestants and Catholics, are associated in the closest sympathy!

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The man who knows not that he knows not aught—
He is a fool; no light shall ever reach him.
Who knows he knows not, and would fain be taught—
He is but simple; take thou him and teach him.

But whoso, knowing, knows not that he knows—
He is asleep; go thou to him and wake him.
The truly wise both knows, and knows he knows.
Cleave thou to him, and nevermore forsake him.

—*London Spectator.*

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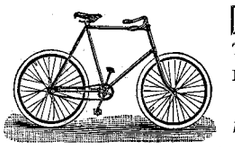

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A SOUTHERN LADY would like a position as companion, chaperon, caretaker, or housekeeper in hotel or private family; is willing to do anything outside of kitchen. References exchanged. No objection to leaving city. Call or address Mrs. A. BENACHI, 170 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Correspondence

"Trilby"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The first thing to which I turned in this morning's "Outlook" was the article on "Trilby." Your views seem to me just and sound. There is no high-spirited girl, as any woman can tell who has any recollection of her own turbulent and dreamy youth, who would not be captivated by the bewitching pictures of Bohemian life in "Trilby" and wish to start off and establish herself in just such a circle, where only wit, generosity, and artistic tastes are necessary to good fellowship. We read every day of the way in which children are decoyed into the search for adventure by the reading of dime novels; the larger children who will read "Trilby" will want to try its pleasures just as much. The book seems to me all the more dangerous for the exquisite literary quality which no one can deny it. K. U. C.

Another View of "Trilby"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In a recent issue of The Outlook you raise the question, Is "Trilby" a moral story? All that you say on the subject is true, all that you say is good. It is satisfactory as far as it goes. But there are other true things that may be said and that may fairly be set over against your comments.

The first moral demand of a story is that it shall be true, that as a whole it shall not produce a false impression. Was the author portraying the ideal woman, or was he giving an account of actual life in the Latin Quarter of Paris? It may be a question whether he should have depicted such a girl as Trilby at all, but, having chosen his subject, there is no question that he should describe her just as she was found to be. Adapting your own words, I would say that "if he undertakes to portray them at all, we have a right to demand that the portrayal be truthful."

The question then arises, Are there in the Latin Quarter girls like Trilby in this, that they have no serious impression of the sacredness of chastity? One reader, at least, was affected by Trilby's life much as he was by Tom Hood's "One More Unfortunate." In both cases the women were impure, but the narration is supposed to be true to the type.

This story does some moral service in showing the iniquity of interfering in the course of true love, even though the meddlers be a fond and good mother and a reverend clergyman. These precious relations went over to Paris, not to help Little Billee in any reasonable manner, but determined to break up the match by fair means or foul. They succeeded in their detestable plan, and though they thought they were doing something very pious, one cannot help boiling with indignation against them.

A more distinct and important moral service is rendered by raising the question whether the seventh commandment is binding upon men as well as upon women. In America as well as in England and on the Continent there is in general a tacit assumption that unchastity may be forgiven in a man, not in a woman. An impure man may reform and marry a pure woman, and all is as it should be; while if a pure man should marry an unchaste woman, society would be shocked—such is the prevailing code.

Do you remember how Little Billee reads the riot act to Taffy upon this subject? His indignation is as grand as the indignation of Colonel Newcome against the men who were telling filthy stories and singing vile songs in Clive's company. If this story of "Trilby" brings this question up, it will serve a purpose. There are already plenty of stories showing how a man whose previous life had been impure has fallen in love with a pure and lovely maiden, forsaken his lusts, and become a model husband, and "they lived long and died happy." Du Maurier suggests that the rule may work the other way, and thus raises the question whether the law of chastity is applied to both sexes equally. This is all the more powerful because it is done indirectly.

The result, then, is that, although Trilby is too easy with herself, although the reader is led into too great sympathy with her, yet there are other moral lessons worthy of consideration, and these may be balanced over against the one moral flaw. You cannot teach everything in one book. One thing Du Maurier did not teach. Hawthorne had already taught it so well in "The Scarlet Letter" that there was little need of going over it again. But other moral lessons have been emphatically taught in this fascinating story. *

A Misinterpretation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have just read your editorial "The Dominant Interest," and it seems to me to be very cruel if not absolutely wicked in substance. Why should a true and tried servant be dropped out of a business that he has given the better part of his life to build up? Is it Christian, is it human, to do this, when in all these years of faithful toil he has received no more than a fair living? Is civilization a "true civilization" that crushes out humanity? We all grow old, and lose power and capacity, and we do not all have a competency to fall back upon: must we be annihilated by this modern progress because we have grown old? F. L. E.

If our correspondent will re-read the editorial which he criticises, he will find that he has entirely misread it. The Outlook believes in and has long preached about the duty to the faithful servant. The editorial in question was aimed at a weakness very prevalent in society: that evasion of duty which is illustrated, for instance, in the retention by a college of an incompetent professor, to the irreparable loss of generations of students. This is not only weak; it is immoral.—THE EDITORS.

Wants to Help

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The appeal of the American Board which you published weighs on my mind. I sent the small sum I could spare, but did not feel satisfied. I could not give up a new dress this winter, for I had done that already: what could I turn into money? At last I espied in the garret files of "Harper's" for fifteen years, beginning with the first number published and almost complete. A second-hand dealer offers only five cents a copy for them, and I know that very much larger sums are paid by libraries or any one wishing them.

Perhaps among your readers there is some one who would like to give a goodly sum for them, knowing that the money would be paid to you to hand over to the American Board. And some one else, with the heart but not the money, may search the garret as I have done and find treasures. C.

We shall be glad to send "C.'s" address to any one wishing to help her in this good deed.

Annual Meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, October 10-13, 1894

The Eighty-fifth Annual Meeting of the American Board will be held at Madison, Wis., beginning on Wednesday, October 10, at 3 P.M.

Arrangements have been made with the hotels to receive guests at special rates, from $1.50 to $2, and in boarding-houses and private families at $1 per day. All who desire to avail themselves of the above rates should notify Edwin Sumner, Chairman of Committee on Hospitality.

By arrangements with the Passenger Associations, persons attending the Annual Meeting of the Board who pay *full fare* in going will be returned at one-third fare, provided a *receipt is taken of the agent at the starting-point* where the ticket is purchased, and presented to the Railroad Secretary at Madison for his signature. If more than one road is used in going, a receipt must be taken for each ticket purchased. This certificate is *essential* in order to secure reduced rate on return. Tickets may be purchased three days prior to date of meeting for going, and two days after date of closing for returning, Sunday not being counted as one day.

For rates and routes from Chicago to Madison information may be obtained of the Rev. A. N. Hitchcock, 151 Washington Street, Chicago.

From Boston and vicinity arrangements have been made whereby tickets may be purchased of Charles E. Swett, Business Agent of the Board, at the following rates to Madison and return:

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Berth in sleeping-car, $5.50 additional. These tickets may be used on all trains except the two o'clock limited, commencing October 6, good to return until October 18.

Arrangements are making to secure a party to leave Boston, Monday morning, October 8, at 10:30. Choice of berths in sleeping-cars may be secured by early application. Further information may be obtained by application to C. E. Swett, 1 Somerset Street, Boston.

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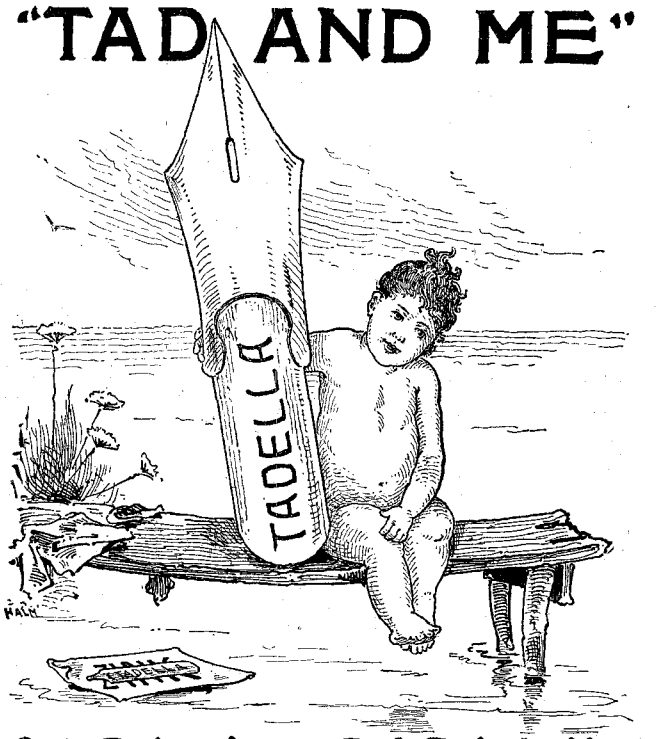

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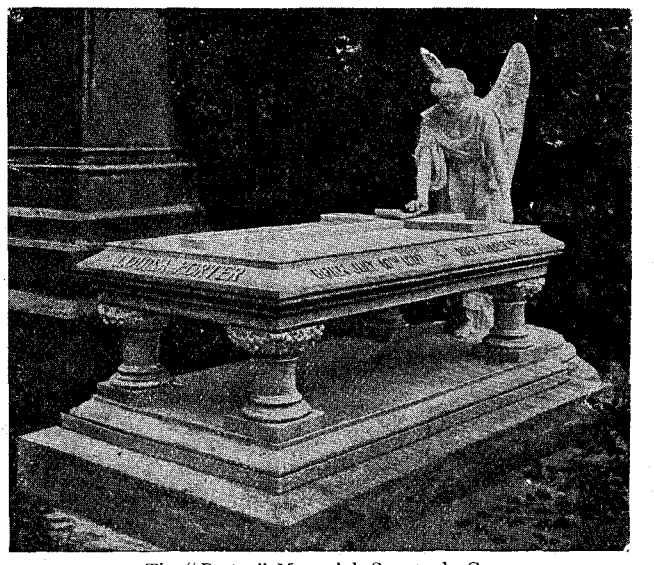

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